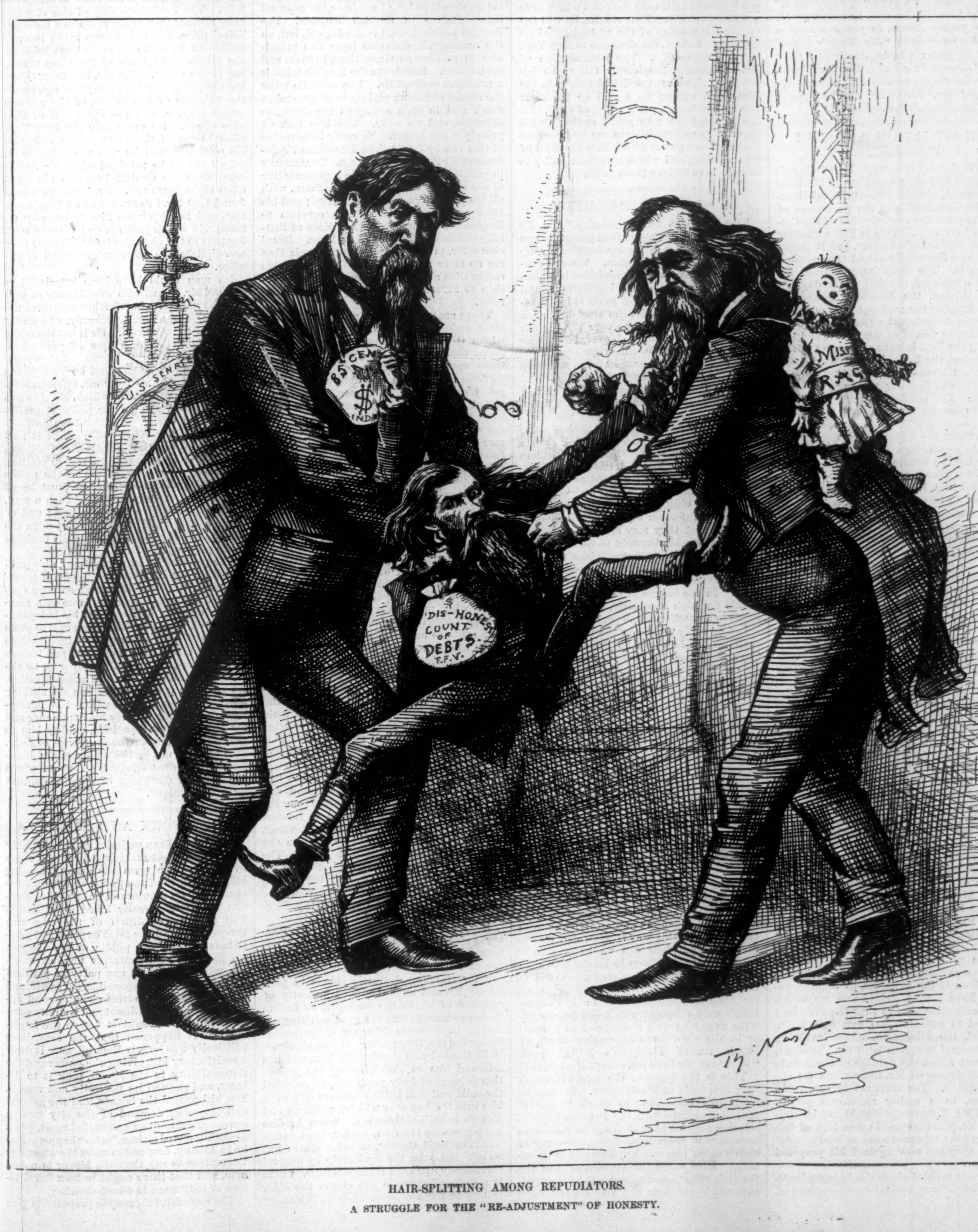
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXV.—No. 1269.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1881. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1881, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


U.S. SENA
85 CEN
$
IND
MISS
RAG
DIS-HONEST
COUNT
OF
DEBTS
F.F.V.
Th. Nast

HAIR-SPLITTING AMONG REPUDIATORS.

A STRUGGLE FOR THE "RE-ADJUSTMENT" OF HONESTY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 23, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 76 of Harper's Young People, *issued April 12, contains an article of interest to every boy in the land, entitled "How shall I Make a Living?" "Indian Corn," an Indian legend, by* Benson J. Lossing; *"Easter-Eggs," their meaning, and how to make them, illustrated; "A Passing Cloud," a poem, illustrated by* Jessie McDermott; *Chapter Eighteen of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby and Mr. Stubbs make good their escape from the circus, and find a day of freedom in the woods, illustrated by* Rogers; *"An Enchanted Ship; or, the Dutch Captain's Device," one of* David Ker's *stories for boys; "Indian Children," an article showing that little savages must work as well as civilized children, illustrated by* Cary; *"So Very Strange," a story of letters by* Charles Barnard; *"My Pig," by Jimmy Brown, as funny a story as Jimmy has yet written; "My Mother's Début," a story for girls; Chapter Eleven of "Phil's Fairies," illustrated; a page of Pinafore Rhymes, with six charming illustrations; "London Bridge is Falling Down," illustrated; Charades, Poems, Comics, Puzzles, and other attractions.*

THE SITUATION AND THE PROSPECTS.

WHILE every country in Europe is agitated by public questions of the most vital moment, our absorbing political interest is the distribution of the patronage of the Senate and the confirmation of the Collector of New York. This is like a chapter from Knickerbocker's history, but it shows at least how essentially placid the political situation is. The Senators, assembled for executive business, devoted many days to mutual baiting, the Southern Democrats gravely denying the maltreatment of colored citizens, declaring the Democracy to be the particular friend of the negro, and denouncing the Republicans as enemies of the public peace, the Republicans retorting by a few plain historical statements, and recalling facts as familiar as slavery and the rebellion. The result of all this has been renewed partisan acrimony and a humiliating public spectacle. By the vote of Senator Mahone, the Republicans were able to secure the committees. They then proposed to organize the Senate by filling the minor offices, from Secretary to pages and messengers. But the Democrats held that this ought not to be done until the regular legislative session next December, and that the only business now in order was the executive business for which the Senate had been summoned. They therefore interposed dilatory action, or filibustering; and as some of the Republican Senators desired to delay action upon some of the nominations, there has been a most unprofitable display.

While this has been the situation in the Senate-chamber, the great question of the confirmation of Mr. Robertson to be Collector of New York has thrown the "stalwart" or machine camp into a flutter. This faction of the party had undoubtedly assumed that it was to control the patronage, and the plain proof that it is mistaken has produced consternation. But the brethren have been absolutely unable to urge any objection which from their own point of view is valid. They can not say that a Collector ought not to be removed for political reasons, or that he ought not to be appointed for such reasons, because they have no other than political reasons for appointment and removal. They can not plead that Mr. Robertson is an unfit person for the position, because not only is he perfectly well known to be as fit as their own Collectors, Mr. Arthur and Mr. Murphy, but because the Legislature of the State has unanimously approved his selection. They can not insist that the President was bound to take the pleasure of the Senators of the State upon the subject, without asserting that the offices practically belong to the Senators—a doctrine which, however true in practice, sensible men are wary of maintaining in theory. Even if the Senators, as some newspapers have hinted, should venture to assert in executive session that the President promised to consult them, and then broke his word, the allegation, while involving their personal relations with the President, would not affect the opinion of the Senate as to the fitness of Mr. Robertson for the Collectorship. The stalwart brethren are, therefore, in a rather ridiculous plight. Even if Mr. Robertson should not be confirmed, Mr. Merritt would remain, and two years ago the brethren were as loud against him as they are now against his proposed successor.

There is a third class, the independents, whom the Albany special correspondent of the *Herald* describes as metaphysical reformers. They would have preferred, if any change were made, to see a strenuous friend of thorough reform selected for the Collectorship, and many more places included within the operation of the rules. The next best thing, in their opinion, probably, would have been to retain the present Collector at least until his official term should have expired. But in the actual situation, as their chief foe and immediate obstruction is the existing machine, and as the Robertson nomination is a blow at that, they are naturally its well-wishers. The nomination is not in itself a measure of reform, but it is evident from the universal gnashing of stalwart teeth that it is most distasteful to the enemies of reform. The metaphysical reformers, therefore, will not probably be very zealous in aiding the machine to defeat the nomination. The apprehension that the new Collector may attempt to construct a new machine is not a very valid argument for helping the present machine; while should he revoke the rules which have produced such excellent results, he will not escape the censure of the metaphysical reformers. Indeed, the situation in New York is very interesting. The confirmation of Mr. Robertson can hardly fail to be followed by significant political results in the State, and among them will be the clear perception, from a party point of view, that the Republicans who affect contemptuous superiority as Republicans are by no means that supreme power which they are fond of representing, and which it is their policy to make others believe them to be.

A "REGULAR" COMEDY.

The sticklers for "regularity," and for putting none but unswerving party men on guard, must be a little confounded by recent events at Washington. We are constantly warned that independence is incompatible with republican institutions, and that since government by party is indispensable and unavoidable, the sole duty of a good citizen is always to vote the regular ticket, and to "bounce" everybody who does not. But have the vigorous champions of this dogma, who have no words to express their contempt for bolters and scratchers and independents, and everybody else who does not wear a neatly adjusted and padlocked collar secured by the boss's key, carefully observed what has been going on at Washington among the high-priests of political regularity? Nothing less than this: the regular brethren have been insisting upon voting for a "gallant cavalry captain in the Confederate service" who was a Hancock elector last autumn, and who makes no profession not to be a Democrat, in order that they may elect as Secretary of the Senate Mr. George G. Gorham, who bolted the Republican candidate for Governor in his State in 1879, and openly advocated the election of his Democratic opponent! In the language of the streets, how is this for high regularity, and putting no bolter or scratcher or independent on guard?

Let us apply a little of the usual logic in such cases. Is there no Republican who has always worn the party collar, and steadily voted for the devil, if he were regularly nominated, who could be found to fill the post of Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate—if that is the place—and was it necessary to select a Confederate captain and a Democrat and a Hancock elector to fill it? Are there no old Union soldiers, who sacrificed much in the cause, that could be persuaded to take it? What more could the rebel Democrats have done, if they had had a constitutional majority, than appoint an ex-Confederate Democratic elector? And for the Secretaryship of the Republican Senate, could nobody be found but a conspicuous Republican bolter—an "honorable bilk," we believe, was the local name—who spurned the regular Republican nomination, and supported a Democrat? What are we coming to, and how are party organizations which are indispensable to the government to be maintained, if bolters and scratchers are to be honored in this way? How can we expect discipline, how can we know who is who, how are the sheep to be distinguished from the goats, if fat places are given to Democrats in order to secure fatter places for bolting Republicans? In Mr. Conkling's own eloquent words—as reported—"We might as well resign, and go home"; or in the even more expressive words of Flanagan, of Flanagan's Mills, Texas, "What are we here for, except the offices?"

This is the logic of the late extraordinary spectacle at Washington. It must be frightfully harrowing to every "regular" soul that comprehends it. Perhaps his consolation may be that so much sacrifice was necessary in order to secure the seventy or eighty other places. But how was it necessary? How could the appointment of the Senate's officers and attendants by a constitutional Republican majority depend upon appointing a Confederate Democrat? That is a question which the "regular" inquirer had better not press. But he may be very sure that the wicked independents and bolters and scratchers, and all other honorable citizens who are able to call their souls their own, have watched with intense amusement the solemn air of patriotism with which the denouncers of Republican bolters and of Confederate brigadiers have insisted upon voting for a Confederate brigadier in order to elect a Republican bolter.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The illness of Lord Beaconsfield admonishes England that serious political events are probably not far distant. Lord Beaconsfield will always be one of the most picturesque and grotesque figures in English political history, and the peculiarity of his renown will be that a man essentially un-English in the character of his mind, and, as the Germans would say, in his whole being, should so long have been the especial representative of English Toryism. The English political mind is not logical, but, on the contrary, it distrusts logic and principles in politics as theoretical, French, and doctrinaire. Politics to the English mind is a practical make-shift. You must do what the actual situation plainly requires, and as much and in such a way as the situation demands, and no more. The less talk of principle, the better. No apter illustration of this can be found than Thackeray's defense of Sir Robert Walpole. Thackeray in politics was an admirable representative of the average intelligent Englishman, with all his prejudices and peculiarities; and his brief summary of Walpole's services to England is as characteristic a piece of British criticism of its kind as we have. Moral character, principle, purity, are words that are no more applicable to Walpole or his career than ability, sagacity, and statesmanship to Sidmouth or Perceval or Liverpool.

There are probably few public men of the same eminence as Lord Beaconsfield of whom it would be more universally conceded that they had no particular convictions upon any subject. Unquestionable cleverness, indomitable determination to get on, enormous assurance, shallowness veiled by prodigious pretense, a cunning hand in playing with national and individual weaknesses, apparent careless good-humor and bonhomie, with a Parliamentary talent for sarcasm and felicitous phrasing, and bold trust of the effect of solemn mystery upon an unimaginative but excited public mind, are all evident elements of the power which Lord Beaconsfield has exercised in England. They are the qualities of a Cagliostro, and they explain the conviction which was so general in the midst of his triumphs, that he was essentially a charlatan skillfully walking the tight rope amid rockets and blue fire. It would be hard to say what advantage England gained, or what progress it made, by reason of the Beaconsfield supremacy. His leadership made so much noise, it was celebrated as so unique and magnificent, it produced such a delirium of admiration and excitement, that it is almost impossible now, although it all faded only a year ago, to understand it, or to detect any substantial result. Lord Beaconsfield had one main object, which was to increase the prestige of England. The great culmination of his official career was a European Congress and the treaty of Berlin. But the Congress was a sham, the arrangement with Russia had been made clandestinely beforehand, and nothing of importance has resulted from the treaty. His Lordship returned to London to be crowned with flowers, murmuring, "Peace with honor." The peace was the abandonment of Christians to Turks. The honor was a secret overreaching of his allies. In a few months he was whirled from power by a political revolution. Where be thy treaties now, thy Jingoism, thy England's prestige?

Lord Beaconsfield's great Parliamentary experience, his assurance, his adroitness, his persiflage, his careful study and use of the foibles of others, his wonderful eye for startling dramatic effects in public affairs, and an unbounded audacity of resource, of which the transport of Indian troops to Europe was the most startling example, have made him an incomparable leader for the Tory party. It was absolutely fascinated and dazzled by him, and has followed him as *Punch*, during the protection debates of forty years ago, represented the solid and dull British farmers following him into the bog over which he flutters and flies as a Will-o'-the-wisp. When he dies his party may choose a leader, Lord Salisbury, or Lord Cairns, or some other; but no one will take the leadership by natural ascendency like Lord Beaconsfield. There is no other Tory who can charm the cider cellars and the concert halls as the saucy champion of England. With Lord Beaconsfield this kind of popular attraction will disappear from the Tory party. "Dizzy" has been always a kind of b'hoy, in whom, as we should say in New York, the "Bowery" has been so evident and aggressive as to be irresistibly delightful to the mob. It will be dull work for the Tories to try to resume business at the old stand after the loss of this most lively partner, whose career must remain one of the most singular and surprising in the annals of England.

THE POST-OFFICE.

Mr. Pearson has begun his administration of the New York Post-office with some changes for the improvement of the service which show that, however excellent its previous condition, he proposes constantly to improve it. He is the first man called to the head of the Post-office in New York who was a thorough and experienced master of the entire business of the office in all its details. The Postmastership of this city has been regarded for many years as a mere political prize, and it has been given to some politician who had no more knowledge of the duties or business of the office than a boy in the street. But Mr. Pearson, entering the public service some years ago under the tutelage of Mr. Bangs, of the railway postal service, was the apt pupil of that able officer. He came into the New York office in one of the lower grades, rising by his efficiency, and he was too valuable an officer not to be retained when Mr. James came from the Custom-house to the Post-office eight years ago. Mr. James very soon found that Mr. Pearson was an invaluable ally, and he appointed him Assistant-Postmaster, in which position he has had a leading part in the good results which have been accomplished in the administration of the office.

No man could have been appointed to succeed Mr. James who would know so well as Mr. Pearson what further measures are desirable, and no man, probably, who would be so free to take them. He is not the agent of any politician or clique of politicians. But he undoubtedly knows what a poor postal officer an active and busy politician is, and he would, we presume, unhesitatingly make changes from which Mr. James's kindly nature and strong political preferences would recoil. Politics have no business in the Post-office, and while it is natural and proper that all American citizens should take and express interest in politics, yet when those citizens are in the public business service, that interest must be of such a kind, and manifested in such a way, as not to prejudice that business; and of this a superior officer solely intent upon the efficient management of the public business is the proper judge.

The position of an upright and able public officer like Mr. Pearson is one of peculiar difficulty. His office was so long considered, before Mr. James's term, as a mere agency of party politics, that his independent and efficient administration of it exposes him to the most unscrupulous insinuations and accusations from the organs and jackals of party bosses. His only reply must be the character and results of his administration. No other is possible. He can do nothing affecting persons which will not be misrepresented, but fortunately his experience and his temperament especially qualify him to persevere quietly in the discharge of duty. It is by that, not by the whispers and innuendoes and denunciations of those whom the efficient discharge of duty hurts, that he will be judged.

NEW YORK AND ALBANY.

The Republican majority of the Assembly are certainly not making Republican votes by their course upon the street-cleaning bill. The filth of the public streets had become not only a nuisance, but a peril. Sudden heat might easily breed a pestilence. The sanitary condition of the city was threatening, and the most experienced physicians warned the public of the danger. An immense representative popular meeting, wholly free from any party or political bias, demanded a responsible, energetic, and efficient system of street-cleaning, and appointed a most intelligent and weighty committee to lay the subject before the Legislature. It happened that the committee politically was largely Republican. It drew a satisfactory bill, giving the power and the responsibility to the Mayor, took it to Albany, and showed its necessity and reason. The bill passed the Senate, and the general and imposing demand of the city was in course of prosperous accomplishment, when a "disinterested citizen," who "happened" to be in Albany, dropped in upon the Assembly Committee to say that the Mayor is a bad man, and that there ought to be a fair division of patronage in street-cleaning.

The committee thereupon proposed to give the responsibility to the chief of the Board of Health, Professor Chandler, a Republican. That is to say, it proposed to introduce into the new system the politics and patronage which the great meeting in New York rightly declared to be the root of the mischief in the old system. It was a proposition to continue not to do it, as at present, and it was also a contemptuous defiance of the wishes of the citizens of New York expressed in the most emphatic manner. Professor Chandler at once declared that he was already oppressed with the weight of his official duties, and that if this additional burden were laid upon him, he should resign; and the citizens' committee, appointed at the great meeting, and very largely Republican, unanimously and vigorously denounced the proposed change.

This movement to leave the city exposed to a declared danger while a contemptible contest is made over patronage, will not commend the party of the majority to the confidence and support of good citizens. A party which delays and baffles the desire of the people of the city upon such a subject as the healthful condition of the streets justly exasperates and alienates those whom Republican legislation ought to conciliate by its intelligence and timeliness. The Mayor's charges against the Police Commissioners, and the presentation of them by the Grand Jury, state in general and in detail the wretched inefficiency with which they have discharged the street-cleaning part of their duty. The root of the evil is the very thing which the proposed changes of the bill would perpetuate, and which the Grand Jury plainly describe. The second clause of their presentment is well worth the consideration of all who wish economical and efficient action in any department. The Grand Jury declares, "*Second*, that appointments of persons in the street-cleaning service have been often made from political considerations, and without regard to the personal fitness of the appointees, and that in this fact is found one of the most effective reasons for the present condition of affairs." The situation is very simple. The people of this city are resolved not to submit to the outrageous condition of the streets, and if the Republican Legislature should undertake to defeat their wishes upon this wretchedly contemptible ground of "sharing the patronage" between local politicians, the party will be justly held to account at the polls. New York was able to deal with Tweed, and it is quite able to deal with Tweed tactics.

AMERICANS AND SKILLED LABOR.

The Chicago *Tribune* has a striking article upon the text of our recent cartoon of the lads applying to a skilled workman to learn his trade, and rejected by him because "the union" would not allow it, as it would cheapen the price of labor. The Chicago *Tribune* forcibly says that while the great demand of the day is for skillful American mechanics, there were never so few of them to supply the demand. This is due, it thinks, to the prohibition by the trades-unions of the instruction of American youth in skilled labor, and the consequence is that the Americans grow up shiftless, idle, and dissipated, while the increasing demand brings thousands of foreign workmen to compete with the natives, and to set aside the young vigor and intelligence of America. Thus American mechanism is not represented by American labor, says the *Tribune*, and this is one of the reasons, as our cartoon intimated, of the great multitude of lazy, "loafing," and at last drunken and criminal young men.

This is a view of the case which is well worth the reflection of the more intelligent members of the trades-unions. The principle illustrated by the cartoon is fatal to prosperous national development. To restrict, arbitrarily, the equivalency of supply to demand in such industries is to force upon the country wretched and imperfect work, and to convert those who might do good work into vagabonds and felons. Skilled labor must pay taxes, and the course the unions pursue in this matter increases the taxes and demoralizes the community. Their policy logically and universally carried out would seclude us by a hopeless Chinese wall from the rest of the world, and at once arrest that prosperity which free intercourse with the world produces. It is a policy which holds that the burning of crops is a benefit to agricultural interests, and which would promote disease for the benefit of doctors. The first lesson in political economy is that prosperity is the result of the common effort, and that the secret of its permanence is general industry and content.

The old motto for an American was, "A fair field and no favor," but the policy of the unions destroys the fairness by favoring the foreigner. Why not increase the skilled guild by educating the young American, and so removing the special temptation for the stranger to come? The stranger is at once accepted by the union which refuses the young American, and the stranger, in turn, turns round and excludes him. It is only in telegraph and printing offices, and a few other places, says the Chicago *Tribune*, that American young men are found engaged in mechanical pursuits. They are ready and anxious to take hold. They can not engage in the professions. They will not work on the farm. They are forbidden to do what they wish to do and what they can do, and there grows up a constantly larger dangerous class in every town and city. There is much said, and often with great and terrible truth, of the despotism of capital. But there is a despotism of labor not less unreasonable. The moment it attempts to touch the freedom of the workman to dispose of his own work upon his own terms, it is a tyranny to be suppressed by law. When it combines to deny the fair play to the American which it grants to the stranger, it is a folly to be exposed by argument and reason.

GOOD SENSE *V.* PATRONAGE.

The inaugural address of the reform Mayor of Philadelphia shows how rapidly the common-sense of the country is deciding to free the public business from the curse of political patronage. No man who has any practical dealing with public administration, and who regards it from a public and not from a wholly partisan point of view, fails to detect at once the real source of inefficiency and corruption. Mayor King, of Philadelphia, says, in the plainest way, "It will be my duty to free the city from a partisan police." He adds that they will not be permitted to interfere in elections and nominating conventions, and every violation of the rule will be followed with prompt dismissal. The practice of making political agents policemen will be summarily stopped. Political assessments upon the police will not be tolerated. Mayor King's vigorous words upon this subject are refreshing:

> "While nominally procured for honest and legitimate election expenses, they are used to corrupt the voter and purchase the election officer. If corporate bodies and wealthy citizens will continue to contribute their money, with the knowledge that the money thus contributed is used to corrupt our elections, it shall be known that during my administration the police of Philadelphia shall not be made accessories to such crimes by contributions for such nefarious purposes, which strike at the foundations of our civil government."

While thus the Mayor of Philadelphia promises the emancipation of that city from the curse of patronage, so far as the police is concerned, there is a desperate endeavor by New York Republicans in the Legislature to increase the patronage of a Commissioner of Police whom an indignant mass-meeting of citizens has condemned for permitting patronage to expose the city to the chance of a pestilence, whom the Grand Jury has presented for the same reason, and whom the Mayor proposes to remove. American good sense will make short work of this abuse the moment that its character and consequences are fairly understood. Meanwhile education in this branch of knowledge is proceeding at a tremendous rate.

"RECOGNIZING SERVICES."

We observe that an appointment in Illinois is spoken of as a "suitable recognition" of Senator Logan's services. But his election as Senator seems to us to have been the proper "recognition" of his services. When a man has been twice elected United States Senator, like Senator Logan, or three times elected, like Senator Conkling, his services have certainly been fully "recognized." There is no longer any debt from the party to him, and to assume that because the party has rewarded his services with the Senatorship he should assert a right to the control of all the other national offices in his State, is ridiculous.

Senator Forster put this point plainly in the State Convention at Syracuse in 1876: "If Roscoe Conkling has been of any service to the Republicans of New York, he has been well rewarded for it." The speeches that Mr. Conkling made during the late campaign are now cited as having laid the Administration under inexpressible obligations to him. But did Mr. Conkling owe nothing to the party? Is a Senator who reluctantly takes the stump for his party in a Presidential election to demand as the price of such service the control of the Administration so far as his State is concerned?

Mr. Conkling and his friends apparently labor under the misapprehension that he has been in some way elected President for the State of New York. This is a mistake. It was General Garfield whose services were "recognized" by an election to the Presidency for all the States. We doubt if anybody "recognizes" Mr. Conkling's services more accurately and humorously than the President.

TREATIES AND LAWS.

A correspondent of the London *Times* falls into a singular error in regard to the treaty power of our government. Because Congress is authorized by the Constitution to make laws respecting copyright, he assumes that action upon the subject is prohibited to the treaty-making power. But the Constitution leaves the subjects of treaties absolutely unlimited, and makes the laws of Congress and treaties equally the supreme law of the land. Of course upon all exclusively domestic subjects which relate to the States, treaties are not possible. They concern foreign relations and the interests of strangers.

Over all such subjects the treaty-making power and the power of Congress are concurrent, and the *Herald*, in a recent article pointing out this fact, cites the decision of the Supreme Court that a treaty may work the repeal of a prior law of Congress, and *vice versa*. Repeal by implication, as the lawyers say, is not favored. But the terms of a treaty are definite, and they have the force of later legislation. If a treaty with England, for instance, should give an English author an American copyright under certain conditions, the ratification of the treaty would, to that extent, modify the existing law of copyright in this country.

The statement in some English papers that negotiations upon the subject will be suspended until Congress takes action, is the result of misapprehension. Treaties are not initiated by Congress, but by the Executive Department. They are ratified by the Senate, and the House of Representatives takes no part unless an appropriation be required. To suspend negotiation until Congress takes action would be to abandon the negotiation for a treaty.

ROORBACK.

A correspondent in Cincinnati, referring to a recent version in the Weekly of the origin of the word Roorback as applied to a political invention, proposes a very different account as the one that he has always heard.

> "Nathan Guilford, one of our once well-known citizens, still well remembered as father of our common schools, etc., was an active Whig politician, and editor of an energetic Whig paper, the name of which I have forgotten.
>
> "On April 1 of a certain year he published a circumstantial account of experiments by a German chemist named Roorback. Roorback had been examining the chemical constituents of eggs of different birds, supposing it might be possible at last to compound a *hatchable* egg. According to the story, after putting many of his manufactured eggs to the animal heat of different patient mothers, he at last happily succeeded in hatching *one* egg, and produced a living bird. The story then goes on to describe very minutely the strange creature, anatomically, physiologically, and every other way, imitating the scientific style used in similar cases. The story read very well, and was copied into many other papers, and after going the rounds of the press in all parts of the United States, it was at last (after three or four months) discovered to have been first published on the 1st of April.
>
> "The *Enquirer*, of this city (Democratic), immediately fixed upon Father Guilford the name of Roorback, which was thereafter held to mean a *political liar*, although the story had nothing to do with politics. Being well stuck to, the name became at last pretty well fixed, and Mr. G. was for many years well known in the political field as *Old Roorback*."

B'HOYS AND DIAMONDS.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Hyndman has an article upon the "Lights and Shades of American Politics," in a note to which he gives a queer glimpse of the American fancy for diamonds. The gentlemen whom he describes, however, would be undoubtedly equally content with paste. But this is what he says:

> "The spread of luxury in the United States is amazing at the present time. In every direction, in the decoration of houses, in the dress, in all departments of life, the amount of wealth which can be thrown away without being felt seems endless. In particular the display of diamonds is astonishing. Ladies go about at mid-day with them in their ears of the size of small filberts, and it is not uncommon to see a man of some refinement with one of equal dimensions in his shirt front. It might have been thought that they would have gone out of fashion long since, if only on account of the class of people who likewise affect them. The New York rowdies glory in diamonds. Ten years ago I was in New York, when one of these worthies, either Phil Haggerty or Philadelphia Bill, slew the other of the pair. Which shot which I am not quite clear, but one unquestionably died. The survivor was duly brought up for having caused his comrade's death. This sort of thing being then rather new to me, I went to the court where the proceedings were held. There I found myself surrounded by the best-dressed lot of men I ever saw in a police court, or any other court, in my life. Not one but was attired in the height of the fashion, and had a filbert-sized diamond in his shirt-front. I felt quite mean in so distinguished a throng. The murderer, I remember, got off scot-free; and looking through the report of the case the following morning in the papers, I found words to this effect: 'The court was crowded from an early hour with nearly all the most notorious thieves and desperadoes in the city, who watched the case with the deepest interest.' These were my broadcloth-begirt, diamond-bespangled friends of high degree who so abashed me. But diamonds are still the rage none the less. Rowdyism, however, has been somewhat checked since then."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, is a man of note in Washington. His age is about fifty-five, and he is very modest and retiring. He is never tired of talking about the library, which has grown during his incumbency from 25,000 volumes to nearly 400,000. He thinks of nothing but books from morning till night, and there is not a volume in this vast collection with whose contents he is not measurably familiar. He knows where to turn for any book that may be wanted, and he fairly delights in unearthing forgotten facts and startling statistics from old volumes that nobody else knows anything about. Many a member of Congress has gained wide celebrity as a wise and working legislator by a judicious use of Mr. Spofford's book-knowledge, but the dreamy-eyed enthusiast never cares who uses his facts, so long as he has the proud privilege of garnering them.

—Lady Harriet Bentinck, sister of the late Duke of Portland, receives by his will about $200,000 a year. Of her first year's income she has pledged $60,000 to various Protestant institutions in Naples. Of this $20,000 goes to the British Hospital, and $20,000 to the Protestant school for Italian young ladies of the better class.

—The report that President Hayes left the White House with a considerable fortune is authoritatively denied by the Cleveland *Herald*, which states that his salary for the four years was $200,000, and the expenses $134,000. Had Congress refunded the $4000 he paid for the expenses of the "visiting statesmen" to Louisiana, his savings would have been about $70,000. As it is, he went out of office with $66,000 to be carried from his account as President to the benefit of his account as a private citizen. When he became President, he was burdened with debts to the amount of $90,000, mostly on account of bequests charged upon the Birchard estate. Of this amount he has paid $60,000 out of his savings from the Presidential salary, so that the net available result in cash of his Presidential term is $6000.

—Mr. Robert Coleman, the young millionaire owner of the Cornwall estate in Pennsylvania, has, since the death of his wife, given himself up mainly to machinery and engineering. He has erected a large building, with high ceiling, around which extends a circular roadway, with a double line of steel tracks, safety switches, electric crossing signals, etc. The track is one hundred and fifty feet long. At one end is a roundhouse, with turn-tables that operate automatically. Three miniature locomotives are employed. Every piece of mechanism, every rod, bolt, screw, lever, spring, tire, cock, pipe, and pump, is on these locomotives. The boiler jackets, rods, and drivers are nickel-plated, and some of the bright work is silver-plated. The cabs are of solid walnut, and the boilers proper and the fire-boxes are of wrought steel. The tenders are of copper, and their water supply is taken by scoops from vats on the roadway while the locomotives are in motion. The locomotives are about four feet in length, including the tender, and are models of beauty. They are of English design so far as high driving-wheels are concerned; otherwise they are advanced American mechanical ideas, and have many original appliances of Mr. Coleman's invention.

—Dr. Mitchinson, a young man who has for seven years officiated as Bishop of Barbadoes, has resigned, and accepted a rich college living in England. The *Church Review* sharply criticises this seven-year-illness business, and says that "people look on all these ill-health excuses as shams; for they see 'returned colonials' stumping the country in every direction, and conducting themselves very unlike persons in infirm health. There are some twenty returned colonial bishops now in England, eating the bread of the priests, and often not doing the priests' work, while they have one and all deserted their dioceses."

—Mrs. Kirkwood, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is described as a quiet little lady with silvery hair, and very domestic. Mrs. Windom, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, is a dignified, matronly lady, dressing usually in black silk or satin.

—Bishop Coxe, himself a poet of no ordinary merit, says that he would rather have written Watts's hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," than Gray's "Elegy," Milton's "Comus" or "Lycidas," or Dante's "Paradiso."

—Mrs. Secretary Hunt is described as "a beautiful blonde, agreeable in manner and cultured in taste. She is one of the best educated ladies in Washington, and withal a brilliant society woman. Her circle of acquaintances is large, and she entertains with true Southern hospitality."

—There are no gentlemen of large wealth in the present cabinet. Mr. Blaine, Mr. Windom, and Mr. MacVeagh have moderate fortunes. In the last cabinet Mr. Evarts and Mr. Sherman were not restricted to their salaries in the matter of personal expenditures. Indeed, Mr. Evarts is reported to have drawn over $20,000 from his private resources to meet the demands upon his proverbially bounteous hospitality.

—The late Senator Carpenter, when once officiating as President *pro tem.* of the Senate, remarked: "You may put me in the chair blindfolded, and I can tell whether or not Senator Edmunds is in his seat, by the character of the legislation that is brought up. If it is known that he will be absent for a few days, every bill with a 'job' in it is brought to the front and pushed, whereas, if he is present, nothing is said about them."

—Vice-President Arthur is said to be as much amused at the newspaper version of the number of his children and their ages as at the false rumors of his intended marriage. He says he has no idea of marrying, and that he has but two children, a son of sixteen, who is six feet two inches in height, and a daughter nine years old. Both are at school.

—Mr. Leonard Field, seventy-nine years of age, is probably the oldest printer in continuous service in the city, and perhaps in the country. He commenced type-setting nearly sixty years ago, on a book called *Roman Antiquities*; afterward he was for eleven years on the *Commercial Advertiser*. For the last thirty-five years he has been on the New York *Sun*, working every day, and never losing a day by sickness. The sturdy old gentleman lives with his son in cozy apartments in Fourth Avenue, and would feel broken in spirit if he could not each day present himself at the copy-hook ready for work.

—Colonel Thomas A. Scott's gifts to public institutions in Philadelphia amount to over $200,000. In addition, he has given $50,000 to a Southern educational institution, the name of which is withheld.

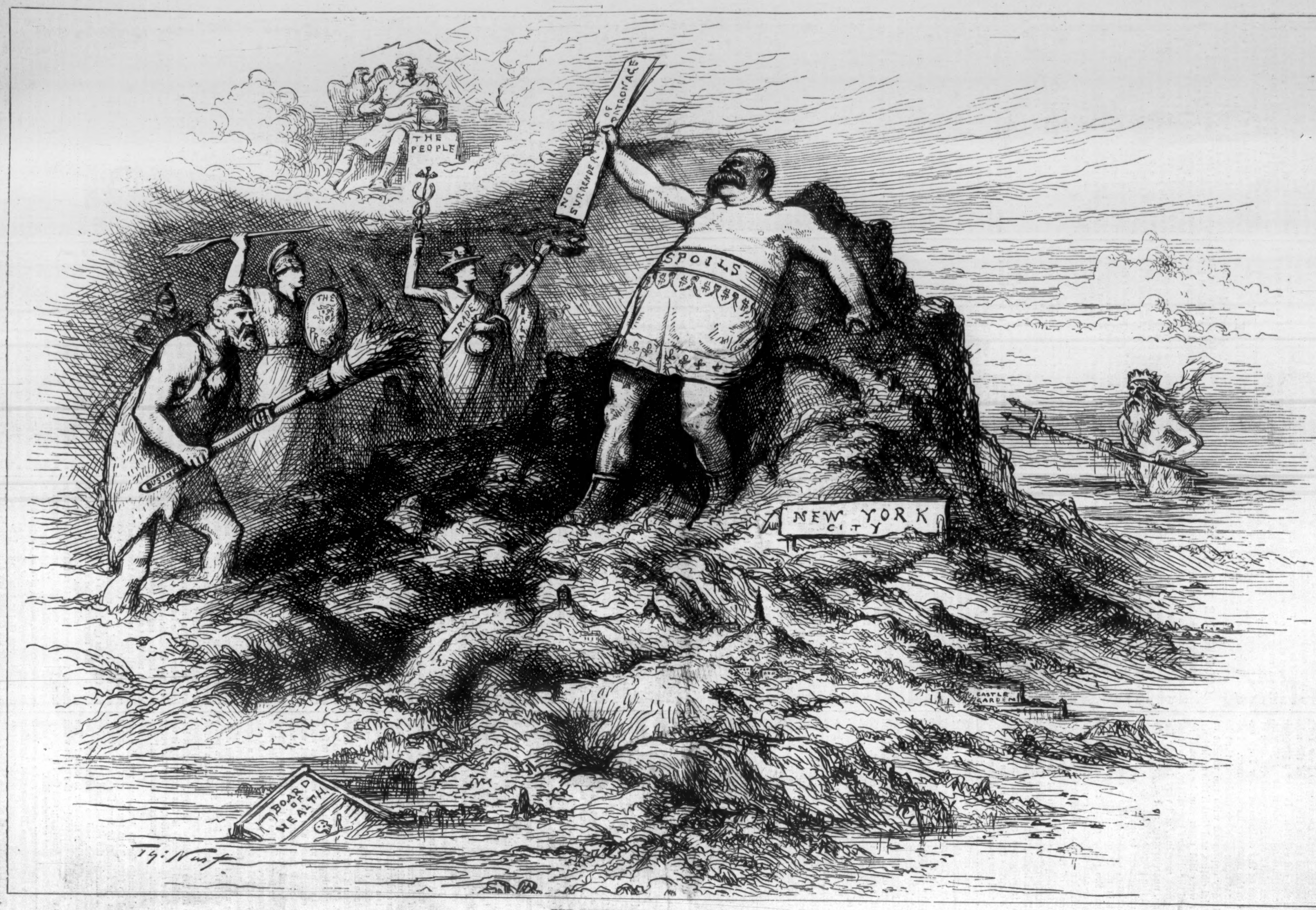
—The late Mr. Goring, who was the custodian of the gold pantry at Windsor Castle, had a position of no small care and responsibility, as may be inferred from the fact that when the Queen entertained the Emperor of Russia, shortly after the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, gold plate to the amount of some $10,000,000 was used. At a rough estimate, the royal gold and silver services at Windsor Palace are probably worth $15,000,000.

—The late Eliza J. Wallingford, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is to be enrolled among the American women who have been conspicuous for benevolence. She bequeathed $5000 each to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, the Board of Home Missions, the Board of Education, and the Presbyterian Board of Relief for Disabled Ministers and Widows and Orphans of Deceased Ministers; $3000 each to the Trustees of the General Assembly and the German Theological School, Dubuque, Iowa; $1000 each to the Board of Church Erection Fund of the General Assembly and the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication; and $6000 to the Board of Home Missions.

—We have seldom read a case of greater connubial involvement, personally, than the following, which Colonel Forney publishes, growing out of a case of bigamy that recently came before a court at Plymouth. Thrown into tabular form, the facts are as follows:

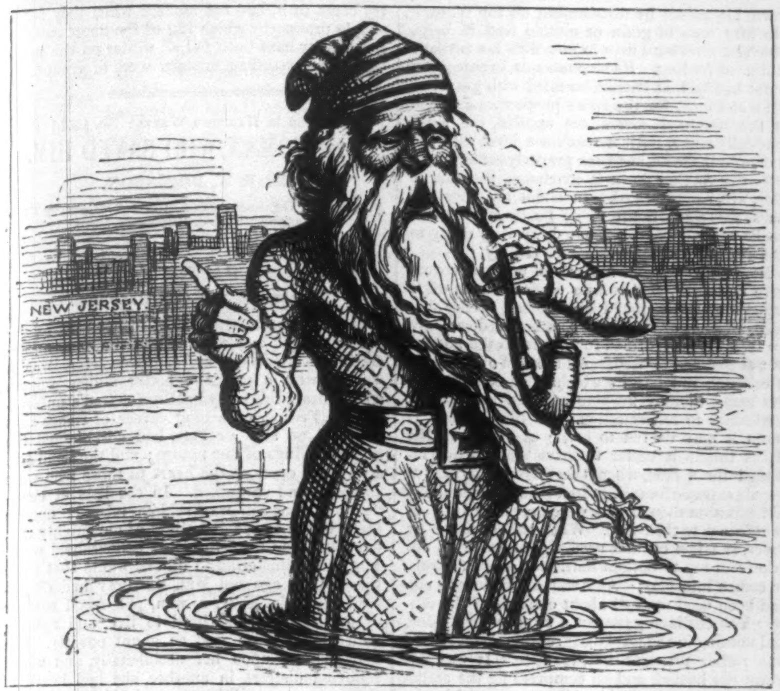
WILLIAM COX

was charged with intermarrying....	Rosina Knight,
his first wife,..........................	Caroline Drake,
being alive. It was proved that....	William Cox
had married..............................	Caroline Drake,
but, as she was the wife of	George Merrifield,
he left her, and married	Rosina Knight.
On learning this,......................	Caroline Drake
(whose husband,......................	George Merrifield,
had since been married to	another woman)
instituted proceedings against......	William Cox.
But it was proved that before	George Merrifield
married	Caroline Drake
he had	another wife
living. His marriage with	Caroline Drake
was therefore illegal, and	William Cox
felt himself at liberty to marry......	Caroline Drake.
But it was also proved that.........	Caroline Drake
had a husband when marrying......	William Cox.
His marriage with.....................	Caroline Drake
was therefore illegal, and...........	Rosina Knight
became the lawful wife of	William Cox.
The bench accordingly ordered.....	George Merrifield
and	Caroline Drake
to be prosecuted, and discharged ...	William Cox.


THE PEOPLE
NO SURRENDER OF PATRONAGE
SPOILS
THE PRESS
TRADE
BUSINESS
NEW YORK CITY
CASTLE GARDEN
BOARD OF HEALTH
Th: Nast

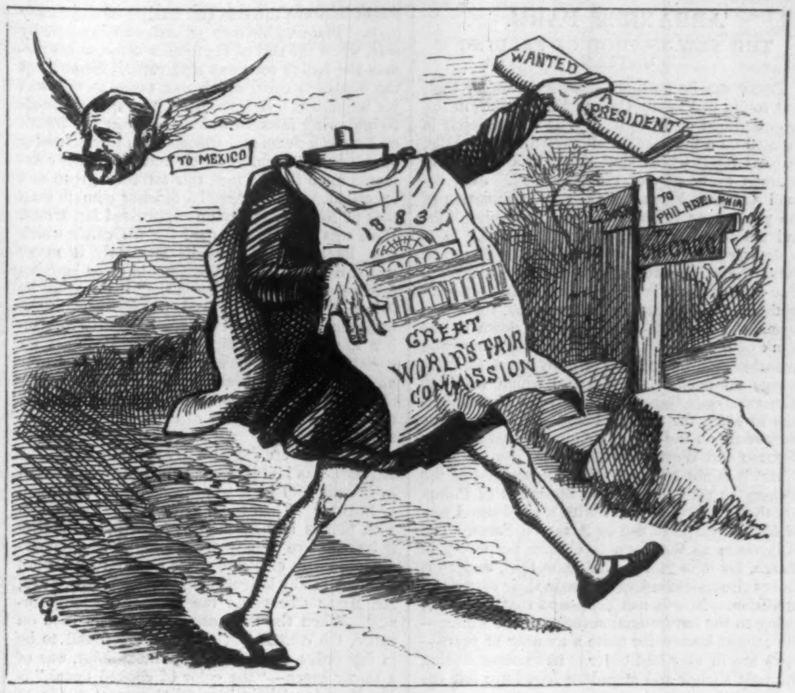
THE POLITICAL AJAX DEFYING THE GODS.

SPLIT THE MUD AND DROWN HIM.

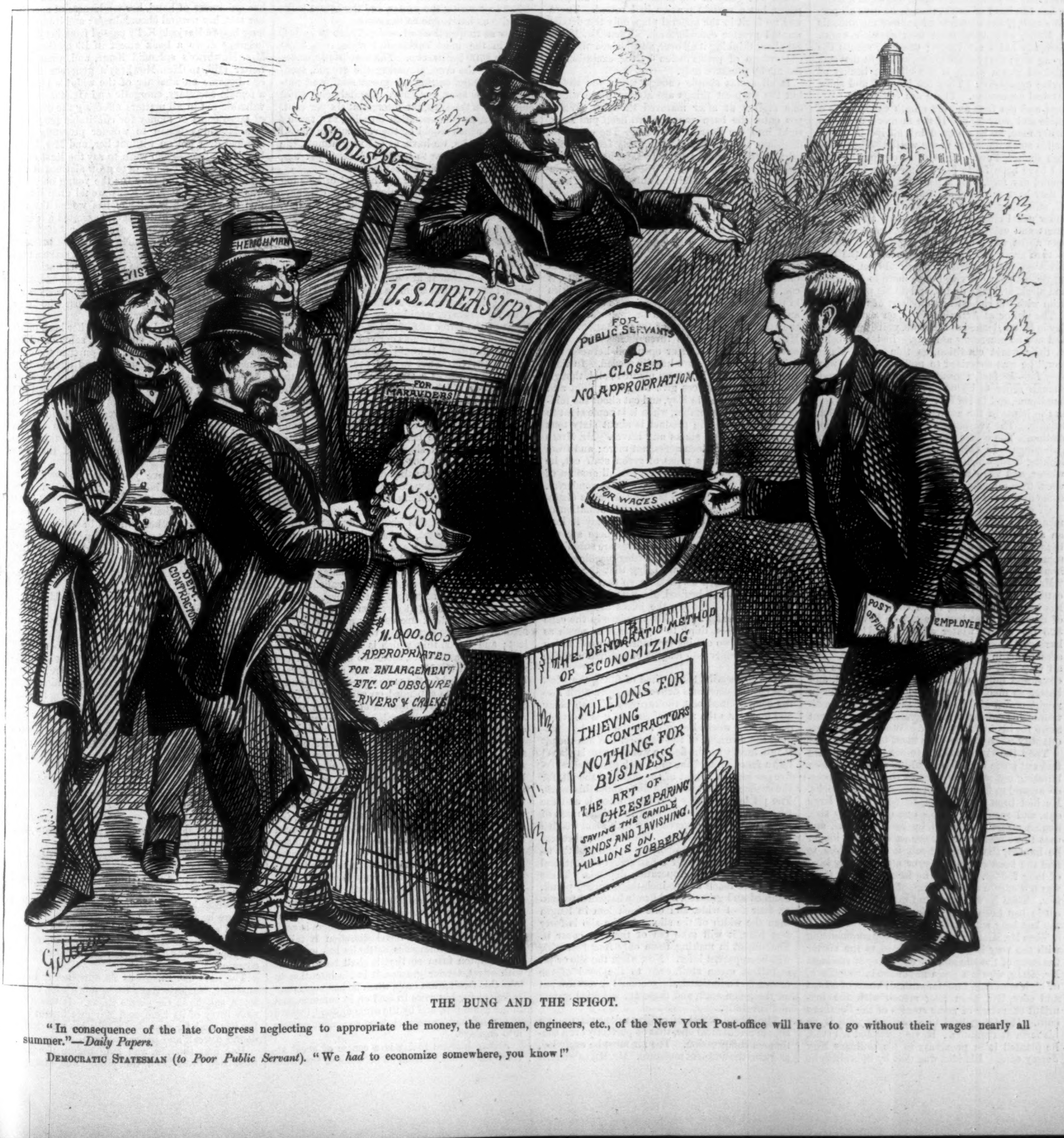


A PROTEST.

Father Hudson. "Ahoy there! Clean your Streets, by all means, but don't dump your filth into my bed, or the next thing I shall be a Nuisance too!"


TO MEXICO
WANTED
PRESIDENT
1883
GREAT
WORLD'S FAIR
COMMISSION
TO PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO

WANTED—A HEAD.


SPOILS
HENCHMAN
U.S. TREASURY
FOR PUBLIC SERVANTS
CLOSED
NO APPROPRIATION
FOR MARAUDERS
FOR WAGES
DEM. CONTRACTOR
$ 11.000.000
APPROPRIATED FOR ENLARGEMENT ETC. OF OBSCURE RIVERS & CREEKS
THE DEMOCRATIC METHOD OF ECONOMIZING
MILLIONS FOR THIEVING CONTRACTORS
NOTHING FOR BUSINESS
THE ART OF CHEESEPARING
SAVING THE CANDLE ENDS AND LAVISHING MILLIONS ON JOBBERY
POST OFFICE
EMPLOYEE
Gillam

THE BUNG AND THE SPIGOT.

"In consequence of the late Congress neglecting to appropriate the money, the firemen, engineers, etc., of the New York Post-office will have to go without their wages nearly all summer."—*Daily Papers.*

Democratic Statesman (*to Poor Public Servant*). "We *had* to economize somewhere, you know!"

ARRAREEK FARM.

THE NEW METHOD OF FEEDING CATTLE.

There can be no more beautiful country than that found in Passaic County, New Jersey, in the neighborhood of Pompton. The village itself is situated on a big plateau all surrounded by hills, real flat lands which stretch out in a level plain between every gap of rising ground. Just beyond Arrareek Farm you see the continuation of the plateau as it breaks through the blue hills, and extends panoramic-wise far beyond. It is a country bountifully watered, for on Arrareek Farm there are two fairly big rivers, the Wynokie and Ramapo. The country seems especially fitted, from natural circumstances, for dairy-farms, the meadow-lands running down to the brink of the water. Pompton has its interesting historic reminiscences, for right by Arrareek Farm stands an ancient stone house which tradition states was once General Washington's head-quarters in 1777, for the old Pompton road was the back route on the line of communication between Trenton and West Point.

But it is not so much with the beauties of the scenery or with the historic traditions of Pompton that we have to do as with a most novel way of feeding cattle in use on Arrareek Farm. The visit made to the farm is chosen purposely in March, for it is just at that time that, under ordinary circumstances, cattle are in their very worst condition. Now it has happened that this year, owing to the exceptional severity of the winter—the coldest known for quite a number of years—cows are in very bad order. Even those having the best shelter and abundant feed have felt the rigors of the past winter.

Cows on a farm, though all necessary precautions may be taken, can not be pampered. The few Jerseys or Ayrshires on the experimental farm may be petted and housed, but when a farmer has 120 head of cattle, though he uses all possible care, if the winter is a hard one the animals in March and April must look at their worst. Generally hides are rough; the hair stands the wrong way; the eyes are heavy, and want that soft subdued gleam which is the chiefest beauty of bovine expression. They are languid, and show physical depression. There are few frisky yearlings, and the four and six month calves have a feeble and puny look. If the farmer has been a thrifty man, he has been doing all in his power for his stock during the long winter. They have been sheltered every night, often during the day, and have been fairly fed. They have had their ground dry feed, with a plentiful supply of hay. If they have not been allowed to eat their heads off, still, they have been well cared for. Yet, under usual circumstances, they are all of them gaunt and ugly, and their owner has been anxious about them, and is longing for the chance to turn them out into the fields when the first sweet grass shall spring forth; and then, as if by magic, his poor cows will once more look smooth and sleek, and take on fat, and fill his pails to the brim with the richest and sweetest of milk.

The visitor at Arrareek Farm, on a cold, rainy day in March, looked at the cows, yearlings, calves, and saw no scarecrow animals. Instead of being in their worst condition, as thin as "a March cow," he was surprised to notice that they were very fat—in fact, a great many of them in good enough order to be butchered. The eyes were handsome, and full of life. There was no stiffness in the joints of the animals; they moved around briskly. The yearlings were full of life and animation. The calves came along at call with baby gallopings. In fact, it was a happy, contented-looking herd, which had passed through a severe winter, and were now in as prime condition as when they munched their last mouthful of grass some five or six months before.

Of course the visitor, when he saw this, commenced to wonder. He was, if the least bit of an agriculturist, accustomed to see poor-looking beasts in March, and noticing at Arrareek Farm something quite the contrary, he propounded to himself for a solution something of this kind: "Mr. C. W. Mills, who owns these fine-looking cattle, is perfectly indifferent as to the cost. He has been stall-feeding these cows. What a lot of money it must have cost, with hay at $22 or $25 per ton, to winter all this herd! It must have cost from $8000 to $10,000 to do it. If he sees profit in this kind of thing, I do not. It's all very well to be tender-hearted, but cows are cows, and milk is worth so much a quart, and butter so much a pound, and though Mr. Bergh might crown Mr. Mills for the excellent condition of his cows, the public would not pay a cent more for his butter or milk. What a prodigious quantity of hay these cows must have eaten!"

Then the visitor looked to see if he could not find out some huge barns, which must have been bursting out with hay at some time, and he peered around to find traces of demolished hay-ricks. He had been to the barn, by no means a large one, and seen that it was one of ordinary size, almost entirely occupied by feeding-stalls, and that there was no hay there at all. The longer he hunted, the more difficult it was for him to find the least trace of hay, or straw, or any kind of long fodder. At last he found out that there was not even a sprig, a stem, of hay on the premises. Then he wondered and wondered how these cattle had been kept so fat and healthy during the last long winter.

Then Mr. Mills explained it all, and commencing with the very beginning, imparted to the visitor the story of the silo and the character of ensilage. Mr. Mills, who is a grain merchant in New York, of high standing, familiar with all kinds of wheat and corn, had been long struck with the luxuriant character of some species of the Southern corn. He determined to experiment with it on his farm at Pompton. Having selected his seed, he planted it in proximity to his ordinary New Jersey corn. His idea was that by hybridism he might improve the size and quality of the Jersey corn. Planting his corn of both varieties side by side, when the end of September came, to his dismay the native corn was ripe, ears all formed, but the Southern corn, which was twice as tall, was yet immature. If frost came, it would be wasted. Neighboring farmers would lean over the fences of Arrareek Farm and speculate on the character of this extraordinary growth, and pass queer comments upon it. In fact, this tall corn, green and luxuriant, which required a quicker climate than that of New Jersey, in time oppressed Mr. Mills. Here was magnificent food for his cattle which was likely to be wasted. Evidently it never would ripen in time. Frost would come long before an ear was formed, and then it would all be ruined. He pondered and pondered over the business. Then there did come in early November the first slight nip of frost. He must try something, or his farmer friends would forever have the laugh on him. Necessity is the mother of invention. He remembered the old method of keeping roots in mounds of earth, practiced from time immemorial. All hands were ordered to work. Pits were dug in a dry gravelly soil. The tall corn was laid low, cut in lengths, transported to the pit, laid in it lengthwise on a foundation of boards. When the pit was full, it was roofed with planks and covered with earth, and entirely irrespective of any other silo, perfectly unacquainted with ensilage, never having read a word about it in any language, in the same year, 1876, Mr. Mills discovered the way of keeping forage. When the time came to try this food on cattle, the contents of the pit were found to be in fair order. It gave out a vinous odor, was of a tawny green—"the color of cooked beans," is Mr. Mills's artistic idea of the exact shade of good ensilage. The cattle ate of it greedily. They came and came again for it. The process with its make-shift method was a partial success only. What was good in the mass answered all purposes, but a certain portion had rotted. There was no fault in the general plan, only the details wanted greater consideration. Then Mr. Mills set about thinking it all over, and devised his present system of preservation by the exclusion of the air by pressure only.

It all seems simple enough when you see it, but the simplest things are always those which one arrives at after matured thought. When you enter the barn you see two deep pits sunk right into the floor of the barn. The exact dimensions are, for each, length, forty feet; width, thirteen feet; depth, twenty feet. These pits are lined with concrete made of rubble and Rosedale cement. They are solid and substantial. These are the silos, which hold the ensilage.

Now let us go back to the method of planting the special kind of corn. The term special is hardly worthy of commenting upon, and need be no bugbear, because the seed can be most readily obtained, and is not in the least expensive. There are good reasons for using it: one is because of its luxuriance of growth, and that, in our climate, it contains the major part of the nutritious qualities in the stalk and leaves before it goes to the seed, and that by cutting it down in time we can get the utmost advantage out of the vegetation. Mr. Mills sows it in drills three inches wide, with spaces of three feet clear open soil between the drills. These drills are heavily seeded. In time the field looks as if it were planted solid, though the intervening spaces give the plants light and air. It is planted in May, and cut about the middle or end of September, when it is some eight to ten feet high. The product is about sixty tons per acre, of green stalks and leaves. Mr. Mills planted some thirteen acres, not more; and from the yield, 780 tons gross of green stuff cut, he feeds his 120 cattle. This very small amount of land, used for this purpose, seems wonderful. Just as soon as the corn is ready, which is distinguishable by the tasselling and the formation of a few nubbins, in go the men, who lay it low. It is at once carted to the barn where are the silos. The green stalks and leaves are submitted to the action of ordinary cutting-machines, the only precaution necessary being that the knives be kept as sharp as possible, so that the green stuff shall not be bruised, Mr. Mills's idea being that by rough handling the juices are expelled, and to that extent air takes its place in the cells of the plant—a thing to be avoided as much as possible. Two cutting-machines are used, which make the fodder into lengths of one-half and one inch.

Now to describe the method of filling the silos. The cutting-machines deliver the green stuff into the cement-lined pits, the capacity of each being 300 tons. As the material goes in it is not trodden on, but worked evenly into the silos by changing the direction of the delivery. When the pit is full, level with the floor, a wooden case is placed like a fence around the pit, which case is seventy-five per cent. in height of the depth of the pit, for the ensilage by compression sinks about this much. The pit being twenty feet deep, when it and the fifteen-foot case are full, then the whole mass of green material is covered over with stout wooden planks, made in sections. These sectional covers are among the most important adjuncts of the silos, and in their proper construction a great deal of the success of the operation depends. These covers are made of two-inch-thick spruce plank, tongued and grooved, and firmly battened together, four feet wide, and one inch less in length than the width of the silo. As the silo is forty feet long, it will take ten of them to cover it. The object in making them only four feet wide will be apparent later. Now when the silo or pit is full of green stuff, even to the level of the fifteen feet additional, the sectional covers are put on the green stuff, and these are weighted evenly and carefully.

The whole secret of ensilage depends upon a simple mechanical one, that of perfectly even continuous compression. The air must be excluded, and also the ambient moisture. Mr. Mills weights down his covers by distributing on top of each silo fifty tons of grain or ground feed in bags, which he afterward uses to mix with his ensilage at time of feeding. He recommends, in case grain is not handy, that barrels be filled with gravel or sand, and used for the same purpose. As soon as the weighted covers are applied, the mass gradually sinks, until it reaches a level with the floor, and if the pit has been properly constructed, after the sinking down is concluded, the pits, or silos, are exactly filled. In about ten days the mass has come down to its bearings. In two weeks after it has been put down it is ready to use, and the operation is completed.

Now let us explain the reason why the covers were made sectional. As a cover is taken off it exposes a surface four feet wide and twenty feet deep, and not any more. This is cut down into for feed with a six-tined fork clean to the bottom as the ensilage is used. All the rest of the mass is covered, and has its weight and compression the same, thereby keeping out the air and all tendencies to fermentation. As the ensilage is taken it may be fed to cattle at once, but Mr. Mills thinks it better to leave that portion intended for a feed, when taken from the silo, to remain exposed for twenty-four hours. Some slight fermentation then ensues, which apparently is advantageous to the cattle. When one silo, cover by cover, is taken off and used, the mass being cut into from top to bottom until exhausted, the other comes into play. At Arrareek Farm one silo had been used up, and about one-half of the other. The ensilage gave out a sweet vinous odor, had nothing in the least disagreeable about it, and was rather pleasant to the taste. It was not warm nor heated, and on compressing the stalks the juice exuded. This ensilage was used in the proportion of one bushel per diem for each cow, divided into two feeds, and with it was mixed about two quarts of wheat bran or middlings. This was all the feed the animals—cows and horses—had had during the winter, and the horses looked quite as handsome as the cows.

Now as to questions of cost. These two silos, built in the most substantial style, cost $350 each, or $700 for the two. The absolute expenses of making the crop, preparing the ground, seeding, harvesting, cutting the green stuff, and putting it in the silos, was $500. Capital being $700 employed in the silos, the interest at six per cent. being $42, and depreciation on silos, say, twenty per cent., which would be the very outside for all possible repairs, we have, at the very utmost, the cost of the ensilage to be $1 13½ cents per ton, and this is a most liberal estimate.

Now suppose we make up the cost of keeping these cattle for the hay alone. The expenses would have been certainly in 1880–81, for hay, some $8000. With the use of the ensilage, Mr. Mills has absolutely demonstrated that he wintered his 120 head of cattle and 12 horses, 132 head in all, from the 15th of October to the 15th of May next, seven months, at an expense of $682, or that each animal ate an amount the cost of which at the highest estimate was $5 25. The difference, then, between $8000 for hay, and say even $700 for ensilage, would show a balance to the credit of the latter of $7300.

Now as to the products derived from these ensilage-fed cattle. It would be impossible for such fat, healthy cattle not to give the best of milk. Mr. Mills produces a large quantity of milk, the demand for which is so great that it is beyond his capabilities of supply. The yield of milk is exceedingly large, far beyond that usually given in winter by hay-fed or even soft-fed cows, and this milk is of the best quality. A lactometer placed in the milk showed its uncommon richness, as it stood at not less than 120. Particularly rich in the fatty substances, the yield of butter is very large, though the proprietor of Arrareek Farm furnishes milk only, and does not supply butter.

In all matters of this kind it is unwise to form a too rapid judgment, for sometimes in the most carefully considered plans there may be initial vices which are concealed. But there are certain facts in regard to this method of ensilage which seem to stand out in the most salient way. Firstly, the cattle seen were in the finest possible order when examined at a season when cows and all other farm stock are usually at their worst; secondly, the product made, the milk, was excellent; and lastly, this, which is one of the most important of all factors, seems to be conclusively shown, that if Mr. Mills's 120 cows and 12 horses had been hay-fed for the same time—seven months—he would have expended on each one of them $61 54, whereas by his system of ensilage he has arrived at better results with a positive outlay not exceeding $5 25 per head.

Agriculturists may do well to ponder over a system of this novel character which presents so many advantages. If in time this method should be adopted, and its working found to be successful, there will be a new development given to the dairy and grazing farms. In the West, anywhere where this corn can be made to grow, the silo system could be adopted. It might be even lucrative for larger farmers to make ensilage which could be sold to those who might require it. Of course hay-culture is not to be abandoned; animals, like human beings, require change, with rotation of food: but ensilage could be used twenty-eight days in the month, or mixed with a small quantity of hay every day. What Mr. Mills intends doing in the future with this system is really remarkable in the novel direction it takes. When with his numerous cattle he has enriched his Pompton farm so that it shall be luxuriant with sweet, tender grasses, it is his intention to take this fresh grass crop, when he has more than sufficient for his cows to feed on in summer, and in the same pits, and by the same method, instead of making hay, to convert these succulent grasses into ensilage.

Arrareek Farm to-day is a centre of great attraction. Visitors from all sections of the country come to it, and are amazed when they see a simple process by which 120 of the finest cows in the country have been fed all winter on the product of not exceeding thirteen acres of ground.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1267.]

THE WOMAN WHO SAVED HIM.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Grandmother's Money," "Coward Conscience," "Poor Humanity," etc.

CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING NOT BARGAINED FOR.

Mrs. Mowbray, the widow of a wealthy London merchant, resided in one of the most aristocratic of our West End squares. She was a woman with a mission; better still, a woman with a heart full of sympathy for God's unfortunates. Prosperity, a long career of riches that had had no stint or stay, had not blunted the kindly feelings of her nature; and the hand was always as open as the heart to those who were suffering and oppressed. In the lists of charities her donation was seldom missed; outside them, in the courts and alleys of our mighty city, her name had been for years a household word. It was in ministering to others' wants that some three years ago old Mrs. Mowbray had discovered Marjorie Kelly, a wan, pale-faced teacher of music, struggling hard to live, and fighting with ill health as well as gaunt poverty. She had chanced upon her accidentally, and whilst relieving distress in another, she had heard of this young, unselfish, uncomplaining girl, upon whose scanty earnings a disreputable brother was forever levying black-mail. She had found her at a bed of sickness, cheering and sustaining the heart of the invalid. She had been struck with her quickness of hand, her tenderness of speech, her tact, her natural cheerfulness; and it was not long before Marjorie Kelly passed from her dingy lodgings down a back street in Bloomsbury to Mrs. Mowbray's splendid home, and, what was better still, to Mrs. Mowbray's generous heart. She became an almoner of the widow's bounty, a female secretary, energetic and vigilant, an invaluable aid in all matters affecting the disposal of large sums of money for charitable purposes. Mrs. Mowbray began to wonder presently how she had ever got on without her, and Mrs. Mowbray's relatives—who were, to say the least of it, a trifle mercenary—began to grow alarmed at the affection of the old lady for the young one. It was rumored that Miss Kelly would drop into a fine thing presently. "She has wound the old woman round her little finger," asserted a spendthrift nephew, reckoning every hour before his aunt's decease as so much waste time between him and his "expectations." "She'll make a nice purse out of it," cried the envious and uncharitable. "Virtue will be rewarded pretty handsomely here," snarled the satirist. "She deserves all that will be left to her," asserted those who knew her worth, and knew her best.

Marjorie Kelly had not troubled her head much with all these various comments, some of which had reached her indirectly; she pursued the even tenor of her way, undismayed and undisturbed. Assured that she was doing good to others, and fulfilling her duties to her mistress, she had but little thought for the murmurs of the crowd. She was conscious of her position, and assumed not on it; she knew more of the intentions of Mrs. Mowbray as regarded her future than the world knew, and she was content with all that was planned for her.

"I shall not leave you much money," Mrs. Mowbray had told her once; "you will not require it, and I have other views; but what I leave you, Marjorie, I shall certainly tie up in such a way that your brother will not be able to make use of it. If there's one man's repentance *I* don't believe in," said the old lady, decisively, "it's Robert Kelly's."

"Whilst there is life there is hope," said Marjorie.

"Hope in him for your money," added Mrs. Mowbray, acridly.

The merchant's widow had a few strong dislikes as well as strong fancies, and to the impostor she was as hard as adamant. Robert Kelly had deceived her once or twice by ingenious begging letters and false appeals to her merciful consideration, and she had not forgiven him. She scarcely forgave poor Marjorie for taking his part and spending her money upon him.

"In the matter of your brother Robert, my child, I am inclined to think you are almost a fool," she said, very acrimoniously, when Marjorie returned from her expedition to the east of London.

"I don't profess to be wise, and I help him because he *is* my brother, not because he is deserving," answered Marjorie.

"I know it," said the plain-spoken woman, "and it is that which aggravates me. Now, this boy Bill, he interests me."

Marjorie had told the story of the death in Gregson's Rents.

"I am glad of that; but he will not come, I think."

"I think he will. Indeed, my dear Marjorie, I am sure he will."

And as Mrs. Mowbray did not like to be contradicted, having a few little failings common to our poor humanity, Marjorie said no more on that occasion.

The next day there was no opportunity to say anything, Marjorie Kelly being down with scarlet fever, caught in Gregson's Rents. It was a terrible fever of its kind, and Marjorie fought hard for life, and for days and weeks lay "at death's door," a weak and patient woman.

Her first thought, and long before she could raise her head from the pillow, was, strangely enough, of the boy in Gregson's Rents. He had been mixed up with her fevered dreams, and there had been amidst her wild confusion of thought the phantom figure of Bill as she had seen him last—ragged, gaunt, and haggard, a spectre of the stony-hearted streets.

"Has he been here?" she asked, suddenly, one night.

"Has who been?" rejoined the nurse.

"The boy I left in Gregson's Rents."

"I will inquire of Mrs. Mowbray."

Mrs. Mowbray came in to answer that question for herself. In the concern for her companion's fever, in the multiplicity of details forced upon her by Miss Kelly's illness, poor Bill had been completely forgotten, and he had not taken any pains to thrust himself into notice.

"What has become of him, I wonder?" sighed Marjorie.

"I will cause every inquiry to be made," said Mrs. Mowbray.

"My brother will know."

"Hum!" said the old lady. "I don't think I shall trouble your brother."

"Poor Robert," sighed Marjorie, "he is not aware of my illness yet."

"There you are very much mistaken," Mrs. Mowbray replied; "for, to tell you the truth, my dear, we were afraid, a few days ago, you would not get over it, and we telegraphed to him to come at once."

"He has been here, then, and I haven't known him—haven't told him, oh! so many things I want to say!"

"No, he did not come," was the reply; "he sent back a message that his health was too delicate to risk any chance of fever, and he trusted shortly to hear of your convalescence."

"Well, his health *is* delicate. It was wise to keep away," said Marjorie, somewhat thoughtfully.

"My dear, I haven't any patience with you, when you go on like this," cried the old lady. "I wish your brother was half as good as you are, that's all."

"No, no; I am very bad," said Marjorie, restlessly. "I have let a poor lad drift away to wrong. I should not have left him without his promise to me; I should have sent next day. There were so many ways of helping him, and I did not think of them. If I had not fallen ill—oh, if I had not fallen ill!"

She was very weak, very restless and excited, and it became necessary to attempt to pacify her if possible. But the boy was on her conscience; forever before her was the crouched-up figure in the open doorway, the grim statue of human suffering and despair. It haunted her; it rendered peace of mind impossible. It was part of the malady, as it were; and the doctor shook his head again next day, and said that hers was a serious case indeed.

Still Marjorie fought through her malady at last. When she was out of danger, but as weak as an infant, they told her what had become of Bill. The news was broken to her gently; but the news she would have, under any circumstances, and it did not wholly unnerve her. On the contrary, there was a strange light upon her face after a while, at which the watchers marvelled, and hardly thought was of an earthly origin. Bill was in trouble. Under the respectable name of William Desmond he had found his way into print, and the papers of a few weeks back had chronicled his sentence of six months' imprisonment for robbery of goods from a shop door. He had pleaded guilty before a magistrate; he had pleaded poverty as his excuse; and the case had not gone to trial, but had been settled offhand. William Desmond, only known to the world in general, and Gregson's Rents in particular, as "Bill," became a prisoner at Holloway.

"He is safe," whispered Marjorie, faintly: "I shall know where to find him when I am strong again."

When she was strong again!

CHAPTER VI.

FOR GOOD—OR FOR EVIL.

SOMEWHAT less than five months after this, William Desmond, cropped and clean, with his rags patched up, and a brand-new pair of boots, the gift of the governor, on his feet, was taking his leave of the Holloway officials in the reception-room of the great prison. The governor was at his table, with a clerk and the chief warder in attendance, and the boy Bill in front of him, with a shamefaced and yet lowering look on his face—"hang-dog" is the unpolite expression. In the background were sundry atoms of the prison world to complete this neutral-tinted picture.

"Your name is William Desmond?" asked the governor.

"Bill, they call me gen'rally," was the slow answer.

"It is Desmond down here," said the governor, referring to the papers.

"Dessay it's right; nobody's called me anythink but Bill."

"This is the day of your discharge; what are you going to do?"

"Don't know."

"Would you like to go to sea?"

Bill shivered.

"Can't say as how I should," he answered.

"To a home—an institution—anywhere?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

"To be left alone," was the sullen response.

The governor looked at various papers with which the table was strewn, as if in search of something. Then, failing in his search, he looked at the prisoner again, and from him to the chief warder.

"How has he behaved in prison?"

"Very badly, sir. A violent fellow."

"Been here before?"

"Once or twice."

The governor was puzzled. He rummaged amongst his papers again, and muttered to himself, "Doesn't seem a promising specimen," and then sat back.

"You are discharged, William Desmond," he said, sternly; "don't let me see you here again."

William Desmond was escorted out of the room to the front gates, where the porter looked at a list, inquired his name of a warder, checked it off on his paper, opened the great awful gate, and let him out into the free air again. The tall boy strode off in his new boots, and without a glance to right or left of him. From the shadow of the prison walls he would be glad to be free as soon as possible. With a set, hard, steely face, born of prison discipline, or of the thoughts which prison experiences had given him, he went quickly along the pavement in the direction of his old haunts.

"Bill, old boy, I have been waiting for you this hour and a half," said a voice suddenly in his ears, as he trudged on with downcast look, and with thoughts downcast too. "I wish you joy on getting out of the stone jug. Let us drink to better luck next time, Bill."

"Mister Kelly; is that you, really?"

"Yes, it's really me."

"And sich a swell as yer air!"

"Yes, quite the swell again, Bill; and I hope you think it's kind of me to come and see you out of boarding-school."

"Yes, it's kind," replied the boy, slowly; "I s'pose so."

"How have they treated you in—there?"

"Beastly."

"Ah! it's a beastly place."

"Have yer been there, then?"

"No, no; certainly not; only as a visitor, out of curiosity, understand," said Robert Kelly, answering very quickly. "Been there, indeed! What a question!"

Robert Kelly turned and walked with the boy down the main street. At the first public-house he paused and said,

"Don't you think a little stimulant would do us both good?"

"Drink, yer mean?"

"Exactly."

"Jest as yer like. I don't care what I does," said Bill, with the old sad cry.

"You are a precious sight too low, Bill. They haven't treated you well; they haven't cut your hair properly; they haven't tried to cheer you up; and yet we slave and toil and work to pay taxes to support those places," said Mr. Kelly, with virtuous indignation. "Ah! come and have a drink."

"Right yer air," said Bill; "drink's the best thing for the likes of us."

"'Likes of *us!*'" quoted the astonished Mr. Kelly; but Bill did not hear him.

"It makes one forget things, doesn't it, guv'nor?"

"What do *you* want to forget?" asked Mr. Kelly, as they entered the gin-palace—the private department, where they might talk at their ease.

"Never you mind," answered Bill.

There were two glasses of gin called for, and the landlady, who supplied the article, looked at Bill's closely cropped hair, and guessed immediately where he had come from. There were a case of biscuits, a water jug, and two metal spoons lying on the counter, and these she removed with promptitude and dispatch. And it might have been observed that she took the price of the spirits from Mr. Kelly before dispensing the article, although that gentleman affected not to notice her ridiculous want of confidence.

"Here's luck," he said to Bill, taking up his glass.

"Thank 'ee," answered the other; but he did not imitate his example.

"Of course," said Mr. Kelly, with a nervous cough, "you have not mentioned my name in that little matter which lagged you so unfortunately, Bill?"

"Yer her brother, ain't yer?" was his response.

"Yes; her only brother."

"It ain't likely I should have said anythink agin yer, then," he remarked, "or let out who put me up to the dodge of gettin' at them goods."

"I've had a stroke of luck since then," he said. "I can put something in your way, Bill, which will very much surprise you. In fact," he added, dropping his voice, "a friend and I have been talking about you as a sharp fellow, who only wants a chance. You don't touch your gin, Bill."

Bill put his hand toward it, and then let it fall to his side again.

"How is she?" he asked.

"She—who? What are you talking about now?"

"Your sister."

"Oh! she enjoys wonderful health. She has gone to Spain with the old woman for five years or so."

"Did she ever say anythink more about me?" asked Bill; "that I was a reg'lar bad un, not to go to her 'ouse, and so on?"

"She thought it was a good job you didn't, after all. And so it was, Bill. She would have preached you to death; she would have talked and talked; she would—"

Mr. Robert Kelly stopped suddenly, and his lower jaw descended almost to his chest in his amazement. The glass that he was raising to his lips was put back on the counter, against which he set his back for support as though he had seen a ghost, whose appearance there had utterly dismayed him. And it was some one as white as a ghost, at least, who glided in and put a gloved hand on the arm of the discharged prisoner.

"Bill, I said I would come and see *you*," said Marjorie Kelly.

Bill Desmond shrank away from her touch as though a hot iron had seared him, and all the color rushed into his face, and then left it again, leaving him as white as she.

"The lady!" he whispered, hoarsely; "Jemmy's good lady!"

"As you did not come to me, Bill," she said, always adopting that abbreviation of his Christian name with which he was most familiar, "I have come to you, as I promised. I should have seen you before, only I have been ill of a fever caught that night your brother died."

"But you don't know—"

"That you have been in prison?" she answered. "Oh yes, I do. And I want to save you from going there again."

Bill looked down, writhed slowly away from her touch, and muttered: "Why can't yer leave me alone? I am a born bad un. I ain't worth thinking about no more."

"I promised Jemmy," answered Marjorie Kelly, "and it has been upon my conscience that I haven't kept my word. I have been unhappy in my helplessness. I wanted to save you if I could."

"Did yer?" he added, eagerly. "Well, thank 'ee, lady—thank 'ee. But it's too late."

"It is never too late," she cried, "to say, 'Father, forgive my trespasses against Thee, and turn me from the error of my ways.'"

"Yer brother says it is, and he's a cute cove, and knows a lot of things," replied Bill, moodily.

"My brother is a poor wretch indeed, if he tells you it is too late," cried Marjorie, turning upon Robert Kelly, whose turn it was to wince and look away; "you must not believe a word he says, Bill. You will come away with me a short distance from here; there are friends waiting for you—waiting to help you."

"I ain't got no friends."

"Oh yes, you have," was the reply—"plenty. Friends who have heard my story, and are interested in you; who think, with me, that the love you bore your brother, the care you took of him, the hard work you did for him, prove there is great goodness in you waiting its time. And the time is now, Bill."

"They'll want to put you in a reformatory," said Mr. Kelly, with a laugh; "I know their little games. Another prison with a new name to it, that's all, Bill."

"Why do you wish to set this boy against a better life?" cried Marjorie, facing her disreputable brother again.

"Because it's all no good," was the reply. "Because it's no business of yours to watch and sneak about here like a detective, to follow him and me—you a lady, too—to the bar of a common public-house like this. Because you haven't treated me well, and introduced *me* to any of your swell friends, who could have given a lift to a man on whom the breath of slander has never rested yet. Because you are unjust and inconsistent, Marjorie, and, you will excuse me, full of silly prejudices. If you want to protect anybody," he cried, "protect me. Here I am."

"You can see what this man is even in his shallow cunning, Bill," she said, contemptuously; "is it so hard to choose between his advice and mine?"

"I have been in quod; I haven't even a good karacter there. I'm past making anythink out of, lady—I am indeed," he said, slowly. "It's werry kind on you, but it's all no use. Nobody trusts me; nobody ever will."

He reached his hand toward the gin glass again, and it was shaking strangely. Robert Kelly pushed the glass toward him, but his sister Marjorie took it from his nervous fingers, and emptied its contents upon the floor.

"*I* trust you, Bill," she said.

"You!"

"With all my heart," she answered. "I trust you from this hour if you will leave that man and come with me."

"I'll come," cried Bill, suddenly. "Take me away. Give me one chance, and see what I'll do."

"Come at once, then."

"Yes, at once."

"Well, of all the ungrateful people!" murmured Robert Kelly. "My own sister turns her back upon me! And this is a charitable country!" he added, shedding tears on the pewter-covered counter of the Sun and Doves, as its doors were swung open, and Marjorie and her strange *protégé* emerged into the street, and went rapidly onward.

"This is 'cos you trusts me," said Bi[illegible] not for my own sake."

"For no one else's, Bill?"

"Well, Jemmy's, p'raps. Jemmy wouldn't have liked me to get wus and wus."

"And for another's, Bill?"

"Who else's?"

"God's."

"Ah! yes," he answered, softly, "I see now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IF expert testimony were in any danger of falling into disrepute through the Whittaker court of inquiry, the following passage from the trial of the inspectors in the *Seawanhaka* case should enable it to hold its own:

Question by the District Attorney: "Could any man look all the way through the boiler tubes in fifteen minutes?"

Answer by expert witness: "It would not take him any longer to look all the way through than it would to look half way through."

The verdict in Boston is that Sarah Bernhardt's Parisian accent has been improved by her visit to Cincinnati—the Paris of America.

Indications of the possible influence of the Mother Shipton prophecy continue to come up, and probably will until the next year comes and finds this world still in its orbit. The Governor of Vermont, in his proclamation appointing April 8 as a day of fasting and prayer, said: "Seed-time and harvest and the snows of winter have come and gone in continuous succession and infinite variety from the dawn of the world's history until the present time; yet no human foresight can tell us that we shall again plant in peace and quiet, and reap in abundance and contentment."

In Canada, when a man is seen staggering along the street under the influence of liquor, he is described as "doing the outer edge."

The Osceola (Missouri) *Times* devotes a jot to the intelligence that "Sheriff Haskins and Mayor Blackwood were arrested for cursing and swearing in a loud and boisterous manner on the streets, and fined $2 50 and $1 respectively."

The Boston physicians have dealt a blow to tile-painting by sending a woman devotee of the art to an asylum for the insane, merely because she decorated the top of her husband's best silk hat.

Among the curiosities connected with a circus which recently visited Moscow was Signor Tanti's learned pig. Two wealthy and extravagant Russian dandies, actuated, perhaps, by jealousy of the erudite porker's accomplishments, determined to relegate him to his proper sphere by dining off him. They opened negotiations with Tanti for the pig's purchase, and the sum of two hundred pounds sterling was named as the price of the cultured shoat. This the dandies gladly paid. The pig was put to an untimely death, roasted whole, and served for them as *cochon rôti à la Tanti*, and the triumph of matter over mind was complete.

General Walker is reported as finding cause for much pride in the completeness of the recently taken census. One of the health officers in this city, speaking of the large number of small-pox cases in proportion to the population, as contrasted with the percentage in other years, said that the census was taken in the summer, when all persons who could afford to be away from the city were absent, and that the actual population is considerably greater than the census has it.

The phonograph is to be utilized in the Polyglot Institute in Paris for the purpose of teaching pupils to correctly pronounce the difficult words in foreign languages.

There were only two men at the funeral service in London for the dead Emperor of Russia who were not dressed in black. One was the Chinese ambassador, who was in spotless white, which in China denotes extreme sorrow. The other was an American newspaper correspondent, who was altogether too busy to substitute another for his working suit.

One of the first signs of approaching spring is the gradual unfolding of the covering which through the long and cold winter has hidden the metallic portion of the hardy overcoat button.

The great Corliss engine which General Grant started at the Centennial Exhibition was again started the other day, in a suburb of Chicago, by the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. Pullman, the builder of railway cars.

A hard winter story comes from Wallingford, Connecticut, where more than twenty persons were killed by a summer evening's tornado some two and a half years ago. A man and boy drove their horse into what they thought was a shallow stream partly covered by snow. They found themselves in a gully ten feet deep, through which a torrent of water was rushing. The horse was swept away and drowned. The man and boy clung to a tree. A boat which was sent to their assistance was swamped. A man was nearly drowned while trying to swim to them with a rope around his body. A boat attached to a rope was finally floated down to them.

A dentist moved out, and a barber moved in. The new occupant did not take down the sign, "Gas administered here."

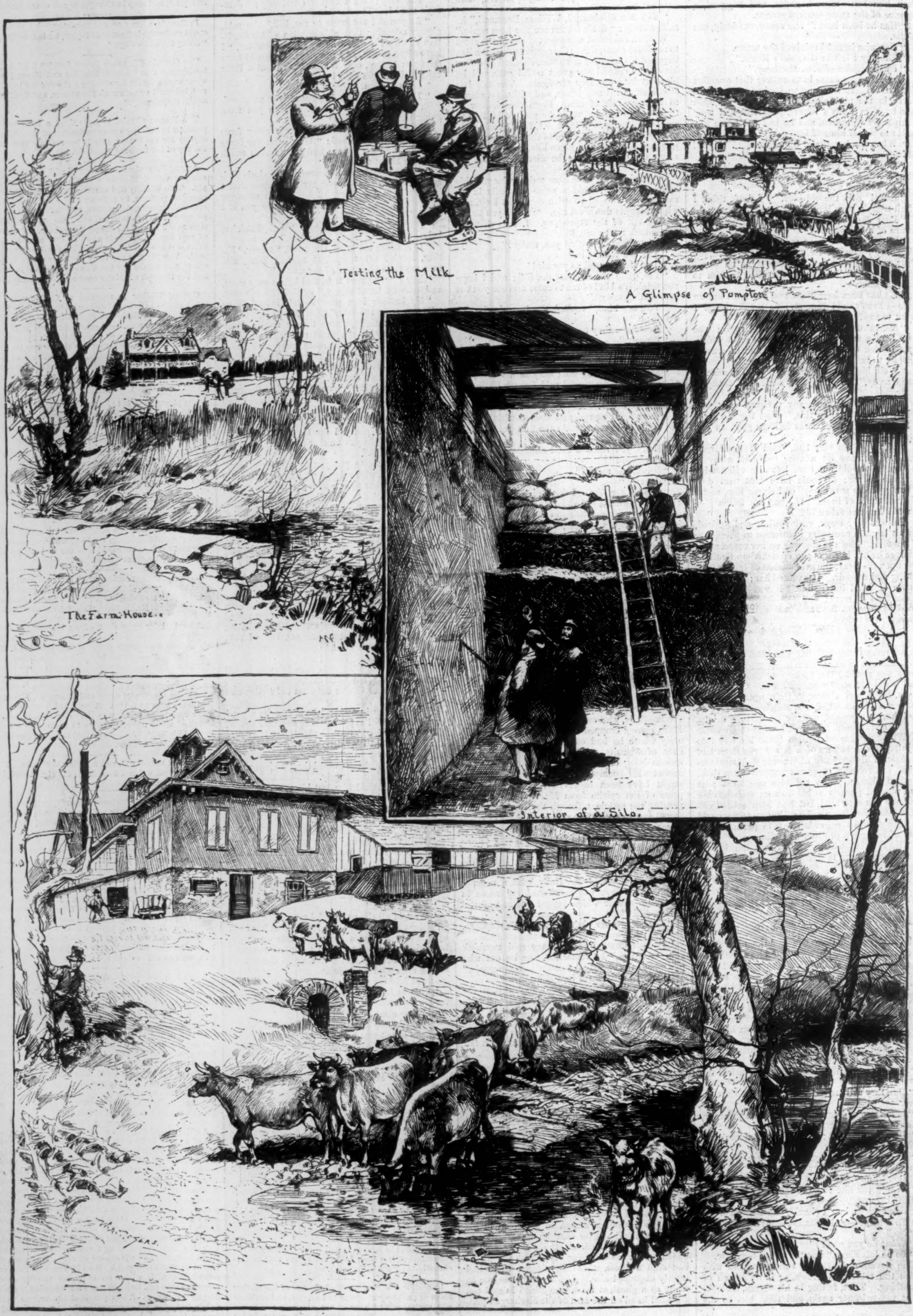
Strangers, when introduced in Leadville, do not utilize the weather as a topic. They at once, if disposed to seek a better acquaintance, ask, "What was your name before you came here?"

The historians whose works are accepted as authorities are those who have refrained from writing until time had made clear the events of which they proposed to treat. A correspondent of a Paris newspaper has put in shape for future reference the story of the firing of Chicago by Mrs. O'Leary's cow. He has been informed by those who claimed to have been eye-witnesses that the animal "saturated her tail in a can of petroleum oil, and then ignited it at a gas jet. Her next movement was to rush through the streets whisking her burning tail, and thus setting fire to the wooden houses on each side of the way."

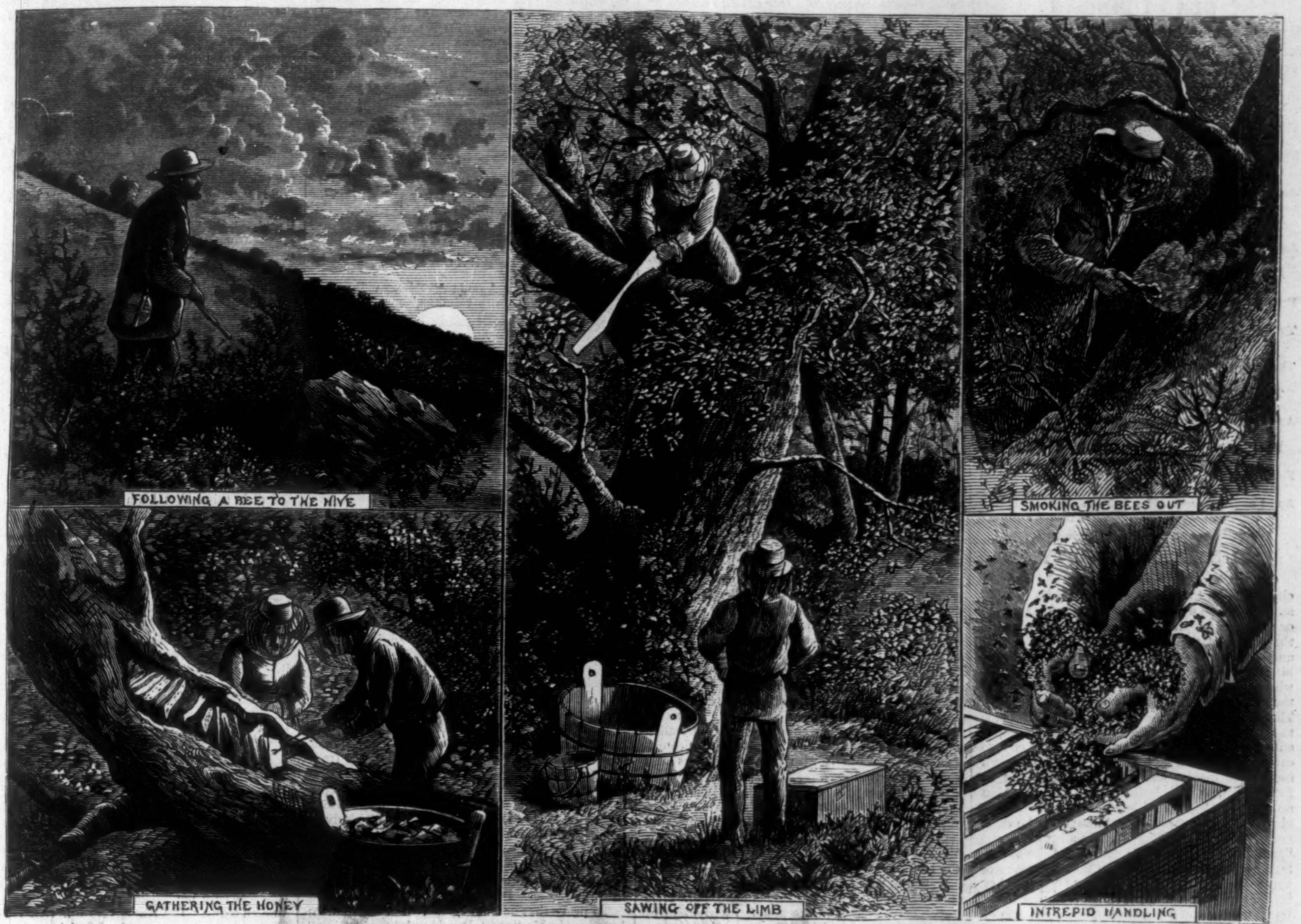
There is in Tombstone, Arizona, a paper styled the *Epitaph*.

The electric light is making progress simultaneously in many parts of the world. It has been utilized for lighting streets in a few Western cities for a considerable period of time, the experiment in this city not having been tried till the utility of the light had been pretty well tested in the West. In London the experiment of street-lighting with electric lamps is going on, and it promises well. The price of gas there is only about one dollar a thousand feet, yet it is believed that the new light can successfully compete with its old rival. If it can do that with gas at one dollar a thousand, it ought to thrive in this city.

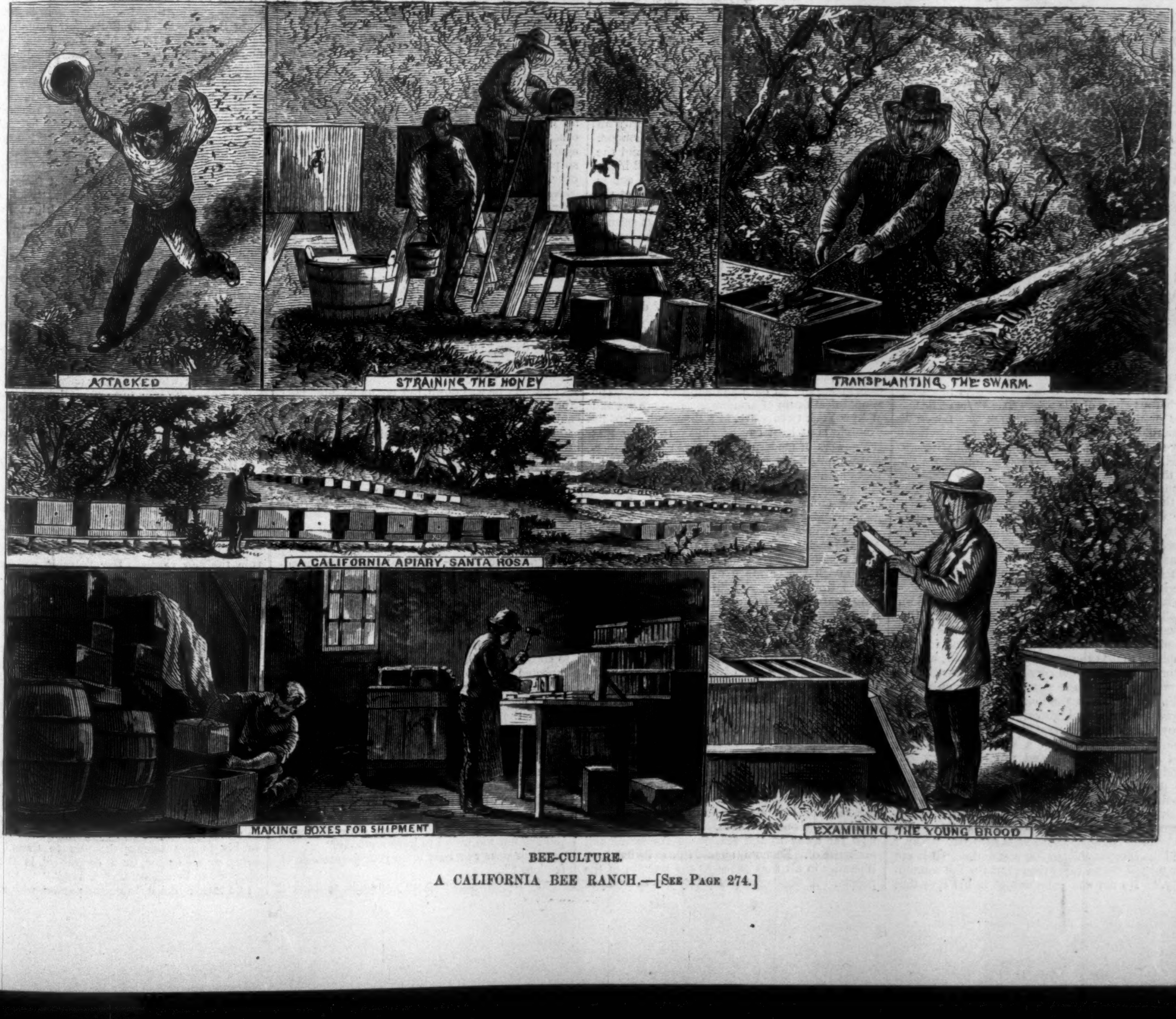
A chief named Numana was supervisor of the census of Indians in Nevada. All his enumerators were Indians, and a blank sheet of paper and a pencil were their equipment. The making of the record is thus described: "Upon this paper the Indian made a circle to represent a wigwam or camp, and within he placed figures to represent the number of persons in a family, the squaws being distinguished by lines representing gowns, and smaller figures denoting children of various sizes. The chief made up his report from these sheets by taking a number of willow sticks of various lengths to denote adults and children of different sizes, notching those representing females, and sending the sticks in bundles to the census office." This method resembles that employed by the old-time reporters of prize-fights, with whom an extended acquaintance among roughs and bruisers was more sought for than literary excellence. They provided themselves with rudely drawn figures representing the heads and shoulders of the combatants, and when a hard blow or a light tap was received, the spot where it fell was indicated by a heavy or light dot with the pencil on the caricature.


Testing the Milk
A Glimpse of Pompton
The Farm-House.
Interior of a Silo.

ARRAREEK FARM.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 266.]


FOLLOWING A BEE TO THE HIVE
SAWING OFF THE LIMB
SMOKING THE BEES OUT
GATHERING THE HONEY
INTREPID HANDLING

HUNTING WILD BEES.


ATTACKED
STRAINING THE HONEY
TRANSPLANTING THE SWARM
A CALIFORNIA APIARY, SANTA ROSA
MAKING BOXES FOR SHIPMENT
EXAMINING THE YOUNG BROOD

BEE-CULTURE.

A CALIFORNIA BEE RANCH.—[See Page 274.]

GLAD TIDINGS.

Hark! I hear a bluebird gayly singing over
And over his few tuneful notes in yonder cedar-tree,
And straight I dream of violets and fragrant fields of clover,
And meadow brooks from Winter's bonds rejoicing to be free.
For Spring is here, the darling! and soon, with sweet beguiling,
She'll charm us first with shower tears, and then with sunny smiling.

And when she weeps, the brown earth will send green leaves to meet her,
And pretty buds; and when she smiles, the buds will haste to blow,
And the winds will lose their coldness, and with gentle kisses greet her,
And grass spring in her footsteps light where late was naught but snow.
For Spring is here, the darling! and her fairy friends are coming,
To wake the butterflies again, and start the bees a-humming.

The orchard trees are trembling as they feel her magic fingers
Touching them with soft enchantment that fills them with delight;
And they bid their hidden treasure, that still in shyness lingers,
Burst forth in countless happy blooms of faintest pink and white.
For Spring is here, the darling! I hear a bluebird singing,
And I catch the echo of her voice in rippling laughter ringing.

Margaret Eytinge.

HEALTH—OUR CITY.

One would suppose that the chief aim of every city would be to secure the health of its inhabitants, and seize upon every advantage that nature or art could supply to reach it. Without health, the palace of the rich is only a noisome prison, and the narrow home of the poor the scene of the bitterest privations. Health is the jocund maid who brings smiles and laughter. She should be the favorite goddess of modern cities and towns. The chief labor of their people should be to teach the pursuit of health in infancy and youth, to enforce it in mature age, to provide a city so carefully purified and tended that no known sources of disease could be discovered, and so furnished with abundant supplies of water that no part of it should be left unswept and ungarnished. Nor apparently could anything be done more easily. Knowledge and the advance of civilization have furnished us with an infinite advantage over the past. We have all the powers of nature to aid us in our work of purification. Steam and electricity, chemistry and science, purer morals and a higher life, would seem to insure the preservation of every community from those evils that in less cultivated ages brought plague and pestilence to every city. There was some excuse for mediæval London or the Florence of Boccaccio that they suffered from diseases that might readily have been prevented or cured. They were ignorant, they were half barbarous. Only a few gleams of intelligence broke the general gloom, and a few eminent intellects began to lead on the people to reform.

It was not unnatural that the mediæval city should be badly cared for and often pestilential; that its streets should be narrow, filthy, and miasmatic, its water tainted and scantily supplied, its houses filled with noisome vapors, its air corrupted by a thousand poisonous odors, its crowded tenements rife with the sources of disease; that the plague should haunt its denser quarters in winter, and break into new violence in summer; that every year mediæval London or Florence should see its children perish by thousands from the barbarous ignorance of its rulers, and the health and comfort of its citizens fall a sacrifice to the avarice and corruption of its priests and princes. Yet, strangely enough, the description is applicable to our own city. New York has been suffered to retrograde and almost sink back to the condition of a mediæval Rome or Florence. All its fine natural advantages have been sacrificed to the avarice of its rulers, and the rare gifts of nature almost converted into the causes of its ruin. In pestilential odors and all the sources of disease it might vie with the most barbarous cities of the past. The Paris of Rabelais or the Cologne of Coleridge was never so inodorous. Even in winter our citizens have been forced to fly from their houses by the vilest of smells. Its water is already so scantily furnished that it fails to flow, and fills the air with the elements of disease. Everywhere we see around us the traces of barbarous neglect. The streets, the wharves, the docks, the pavements, the markets, the houses, show a mediæval ignorance, and disease follows in its track. The children perish unnecessarily by thousands in summer, and at last even in winter the pestilence begins to pursue its ravages. Knowledge, science, steam, electricity, and all the rare discoveries of the modern intellect, seem forgotten, or useless for us. Our sewerage, water, refuse, are managed in the most primitive and barbarous ways. It is an intense stupidity that is the cause of all our evils, a blind ignorance, and a cruel corruption that revels and grows rich amidst the slaughter of our citizens.

For twenty years and more New York has been oppressed by a bad government, its health destroyed, its resources wasted. A city government should resemble that of a well-ordered family, and cleanliness, thrift, and propriety mark the conduct of its rulers. Its rulers should be among its most reputable and intelligent citizens, who would watch over its welfare as their own. When Plutarch was seen walking through his native town—he was an official—his hands full of tiles and mortar, some one expressed surprise. "Nay," said the famous philosopher and author, "it is not for myself that I carry them, but for the community." No act was unimportant in his eyes that could benefit the people. Our officials should be intelligent, if not Plutarchs, and devoted to their work; they should be incorruptible; their salaries should be small, their desires moderate, their industry plain to all. How far the rulers of New York for the last twenty or thirty years have approached these requirements every citizen can judge. Our aldermen and chief officials have usually been foreigners. Educated, or oftener without education, in their own land, they have belonged to what is called the Democratic party, and a sectarian faction of it; they have been intensely interested in the politics of the country, forgetful of their duties to the city; they have clung to their enormous salaries with fierce tenacity, and they have kept their offices by every form of bribery; they have imposed such taxes on the city as were never known in its early history, and covered it with a debt that weighs upon all its resources.

We are already reaping the consequences of these long years of misrule. One of them is the prevalence of disease. We are suffering from the malaria of bad government. The death rate grows; our people have become alarmed. At the recent meeting to provide some remedy the very authors of our misfortunes were seen crowding the stage, and the politicians who had caused the harm were apparently anxious to assume the garb of reformers, and hide their fears of the popular condemnation in a sudden zeal for health. There were also many honest reformers present. But these meetings, and the fear of future pestilence, show that the city is at last sensible of its danger, and conscious of the long years of bad government that have been the source of its misfortunes. Can we never have intelligent, active men at the head of our city affairs? Is the art of civic government wholly lost? The largest city of the New World, the richest, the most splendid, the centre of the world's commerce, is the worst governed of all its contemporaries. It is the most unhealthy, the most heavily taxed; its moral and political influence has been bad; yet its site is the finest that was ever chosen for a city, its harbor the most convenient, its climate temperate; the fresh winds from the ocean seem to breathe over it a benison of health, and the waves of the mighty Hudson sweep by it in unrivalled purity and strength. The zeal of its private citizens has covered it with fine warehouses and convenient dwellings. Magnificent views open from its higher points, Murray Hill or Fort Washington. Its intellectual class is becoming every year more numerous and powerful. It must be the centre of letters and the arts. Its environs abound in the rarest scenery, and the charms of the sea-side and the inland resort. Its crowded streets and vast population prove the strength of its attractions. Yet, strangely enough, in its civic government New York recalls the barbarism of the Middle Ages, and in filth and noisome odors reflects the malaria of misrule.

The sanitary history of London is instructive. Its situation, its climate, are less favorable than are ours, and not many years ago it was less healthy than New York. In its early history it was the centre of the ravages of the plague; and when Shakspeare was acting, and Milton composing epics, when New England was a distant republic, and New York a new conquest, the fatal disease carried off the people of London in some years by tens of thousands, and in the year of the great plague, in 1660, a hundred thousand died. Paris, Amsterdam, and all the larger European cities suffered severely, but none like London. The great fire seems to have purified it, and the plague ceased. But its death rate was still high; in the happy days of Queen Anne it was one in thirty-six for all England. In the period of the Georges it was slowly reduced; but it is only within the last twenty or thirty years that science and energy have conspired to make the largest city in the world one of the most healthy. While New York has been sinking back, under an ignorant government, into mediæval filth and carelessness, London has been constantly advancing in health and cleanliness. Its system of drainage, its new houses for the people, and the various labors of intelligent men have proved singularly successful in checking disease, and in the midst of its intense poverty, dissipation, and crime the great capital has become the healthiest of European cities, and far more so than New York. The annual death rate of London is twenty-three, and of New York twenty-five, in a thousand. But its example is at least encouraging. It shows that the powers of modern science, even when imperfectly applied, can stop the course of disease, and that intelligence can overcome the obstacles of climate and of nature. London has gone before us, but how easily, with an intelligent government, could we surpass London!

Our Herods, who have so long controlled New York to their own advantage, may well be stricken with remorse. To save their enormous salaries, and ravish the earnings of the poor, they have waded through the slaughter of the innocents. What cared they if ten thousand infants perished, so long as they could keep their offices, or if a crowd of malarious odors pressed upon the afflicted city? But possibly the rule of the incompetent, the vicious, the careless, is nearly over with us, and the New York of the next twenty years may become the model of civic health and neatness to all the world. It must become a Republican city, the home of science and thought. It is quite easy to imagine what the city of the future should be. Science should lend all its aids to soften the natural pains of living. A river of water should pour through its streets purer and more abundant than that which rushed from the Anio to Rome. Science should regulate its buildings, and provide ample conveniences and comforts for the poor and rich. Its sewerage should flow far away to the sea, or be consumed and made use of. Economy should rule in its finances, liberality in all that concerns the welfare of the people. A wonderful prosperity has come upon us, which we may well employ for the common good, and make use of the happy moment to purify and perfect our city. It is the crown of the New World, the gateway of the seas. Let us devote the moment of its prosperity to its moral and political purification, and all over the country in the next decade the chief attention of the nation may well be given to sanitary reform. The chief aim of government is good health.

Eugene Lawrence.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WET AND DRY.

Like every other ancient faith, the angler's firm belief that fish refuse all food with rain impending has now been scattered to the wind and clouds. The opinion of many ages was, that having by instinct surer knowledge, than all mankind by science get, of the things that shall occur tomorrow, these finny sages fear to spoil their relish for the coming treat of worms and slugs and grubs, more luscious than the fattest "native" to unvitiated taste. All these will fall into their mouths to-morrow; let them fast, to keep the feast.

It is now denied by men of science—scornful of all reasoning beyond their own—that a trout surpasses them so immensely in the science of meteorology, of which they are bound to confess that they know nothing. And feeling some reasonable doubt of that denial, they add the insidious remark (engendered by their own "inner consciousness") that even if the fish knew what was coming, they would never keep their mouths shut by reason of their knowledge.

Be that as it will, one thing is certain, the liberal rise of the Christow fish to the hook of Jack Westcombe did not preclude a heavy rain from setting in next morning. Whoever has the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance—and in such a case there truly is no superficial knowledge—with a genuine hearty Dartmoor rain, will be ready to admit that it has some meaning. Its main point of difference from most other rains is that it combines all their bad qualities, and omits their good ones. However, to abuse it only makes it rain the harder.

To prove that he was "game," and to celebrate becomingly his "most Providential restoration," as Lady Touchwood called it, young Squire Dicky had prepared an expedition against the rats of Dartmoor, transcending his defeated invasion as largely as the armament of Xerxes surpassed that of Darius. A *triduum* of solid combat (such as Greeks and Romans had, but civilized armies now eschew) was ordered to begin upon this great morning, for Dicky's heart needed some repose from love; but, lo! the very terriers, best water-proofed with wire, bore upon their flanks such bars as the young of the salmon tribe have, or a race-horse after a heavy gallop; and such as no washing may produce upon a dog, nor any other thing except a long rain, that hits them against and up the grain of their dear coats, and so pursues them, until their sweet skins become oozy.

Now Dr. Perperaps, beyond emphasis, and therefore in a whisper which outwent voice, had ordered that the thing of all things his precious patient must most avoid was the very slightest damp.

"And it ain't slight damp," said Dicky, in his slang way, to his darling mother, as she told him this; "my name's 'ratter,' this juicy day, and no mistake. Find the beggars all at home this weather. I've got my army ready, and I mean to march. Old Dr. Perperaps went on about 'slight damp,' but he never said a word against such heavy wet as this. Hi, there, you fellows! I'll be down in a jiffy."

In a jiffy he was down, but not as he intended; for his mother, being ample, and of very hearty substance, laid one strong arm across his back, and the other in the hollow of his knees, and thus having whisked him off his feet, bore him right easily to his bedroom, laid him on his bed, and locked him in. Then she sent orders to his army to march to the brew-house, and have some beer and a shilling apiece, and retire to their tents until the next fine morning.

When the whole expedition was thus disbanded, Dicky was released, and recovering quickly from his indignation—for he never bore resentment long—he sauntered to his sister Julia's room, to tease her pet dog "Elfie," and to talk about matters of importance, as he called them.

"Judy, shove aside your daubs," he said, for she was just pointing up with fine gray eyebrows a spirited sketch of Colonel Westcombe; "I want to consult you about a thing that men can not be expected much to enter into. I have already informed you that my affections at last are permanently engaged."

"So they always are. To a new one every month. Be constant, Dicky, this time, if you can, for I rather like Spotty Perperaps."

"What a pest you are! The spotty little fright! I am two inches taller than she is. Five feet four is the extreme lowest measure, as we say at Cambridge, of any girl I should ever make up to. You are such a height that you don't care. In fact, you had better have some short fellow, if you are not too proud to have anybody."

"How does this bear upon your permanent affections?"

"In this kind of way, as you ought to know if your reasoning process was like ours: I scout the idea of Spotty Perperaps, and I love Rose Arthur."

"Very well, let it be so. It is no concern of mine. Nothing ever comes of your adorations. The last was for a hideous bull-terrier. And probably the next will be for a badger."

"Judy, I came for your advice, and not to be scoffed at with nasty levity. You thoroughly understand women, because you have got all their dodges in your nature. And all I ask you is a very simple thing—how would you recommend me to go on?"

"I have never seen the girl. How can I tell you?" Miss Touchwood answered, with large contempt. "Boys like you have a weak idea that all the women in the world are just alike, and as utter fools as they are themselves. I can only say this: if you want to get on, be as unlike yourself as possible."

"If you had tried for an hour, even you could hardly have said a more nasty thing. It makes me wonder, when I come across nice girls, whether they would talk like you after they got married. It makes one afraid to have anything to do with them. Nobody can have a finer nature than I have, but nothing ever comes of it."

"A very fine nature is its own reward," said Julia, touching up Colonel Westcombe. "But, Dicky, it never talks about itself."

"Very well. Let it do anything it pleases. I never stand up to be wonderful at all; but every man who keeps a dog is fond of me. And if all the girls think that I am to be got by snubbing me, they will find themselves in the wrong box."

"Surely," said Julia, who, after all, was jealous at hearing so much of Rose Arthur, "your new angel does not snub you, as if you did not even keep a dog."

"That is the very point," answered Dicky, coming up and showing many blue pricks in one leg. "These things made her take a liking to me; and I made the very most of them, bearing every hole that I could find as game as if I meant to die for it. And for a long time that scored three every time she looked at me. But when I began to have Guinness, and to put one leg across the other, she seemed very suddenly to lose faith, and to think that I ought to put my boots on."

"Then she showed some sense, and I respect her for it. What a plague you must have been! Even when you are well, you can't stay still. And I dare say you danced one foot all day. And you can not say a word about anything but vermin. How can you expect a pretty girl to like you?"

"It does not matter about that. They do," Dicky replied, as one who cites a fact in lieu of argument. "I believe that it has something to do with this that they think they can have their own way with me. That is the first thing all you women want. But she is very different from all you common females. Her mind is exalted, and her thoughts are high."

"It is a delight to hear that," Miss Touchwood answered, without leaving off her work; "because it might be a very awkward thing if she were to consider you worth catching. Gossip is entirely below my notice. But the rather haughty gentleman—I suppose he is a gentleman—who calls himself 'Captain Larks,' lies under some cloud of mystery at present. Of course it may be nothing; but you know as well as I do that many people say he is a criminal in hiding. Very likely that is rubbish. But till something more is known, the less we have to do with them the better."

"Such nonsense drives me wild. What do you know of the world? You wanted to patronize Mr. Arthur—who never yet called himself captain anything, and cares not a rap what fools say of him—and he put you down very neatly and completely simply by his manner, and without a word. It was a bitter pill for you, Miss Judy. But a bit of humble-pie every day would do you good. The Captain is the kindest man that ever lived. Many people think me a softy and a fool. And I don't stick up to be a wonder. But I do know when people have been good to me, and put themselves out of their way to help me. And I tell you, you are not fit to dust their floor for them. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

With this elegant counsel, Squire Dicky ran away, stopping both ears, as if to keep out wicked language; while his sister only smiled, for she loved to irritate him, but never allowed him to do the like to her. But she could not help thinking of his very frank remarks about her own character, and wondering whether there might be a grain of truth at the bottom of them.

"Hurrah! Here comes somebody! A plucky cove, whoever he may be," shouted the excitable Dicky in the "corridor," as Lady Touchwood loved to call it. "Judy, shut up your lozenge-box, as soon as you have put a little lake upon your cheeks. I was just going to send to the stable for a halter! But here comes a visitor to ruin the new velvet. Her ladyship will be in a precious state of mind. I defy him to sit down without a quart of drainage. And the new peach-color runs if a fellow sneezes in the next room."

Her ladyship, however, was a match for the emergency. The front door bell had not ceased clanging ere the much keener jingle of her own was heard, and the footman knew well which required first attention. "The little study, James, whoever it is, and put the big Shakspeare open in the easy-chair first." The man understood, made the only cushioned chair pretty safe from invasion, and then showed in Mr. Short.

"Capital device! I give her credit for it," said the vicar to himself, while the man went to announce him.

"Now I do call this very good of you indeed," Lady Touchwood exclaimed, without a bit of falsehood, as she came in, and made her sleeve go up, in a manner understood by women only, for fear of his fingers having dribbles to them. "An otter, or an oyster, or a conger-eel, is the only thing fit to be out on such a day."

"I rather like it," said the parson, with a countenance which did not express any very keen delight, except such as a joint may find in basting; "at any rate, no weather ever stops me, except such a snow as we had two years ago. You sent for me urgently, and I was bound to come."

"No. I have not sent for you. It has been raining, I can not say how long. Would I dream of sending for you in such weather? I never do anything outrageous."

"I thought you might have boxed—the compass in such weather. Here is your letter, your own handwriting—though the ink may have run, with more rain than sand upon it."

"There is both rain and sand upon it," the lady answered, drawing back both hands; "but I never wrote a word of it. You know that I never use sand now. I keep it in the inkstand, but I scarcely ever use it, except from habit, when I happen to forget. This is not my writing. At what time did you get it?"

"About twelve o'clock. Trickey leaves my letters to the last, because of these boots you see. I will tell you that another time. What you say makes me a little uncomfortable. I could have sworn this was your handwriting."

"It not only is not my handwriting, but it is a very clumsy imitation of it. And do I put it this way—'Lady Touchwood presents her compliments to Mr. Short'—after all the years that I have known and liked you?"

"I know that you never begin like that, except when something has put you out. But excuse my remembering that you did write so, about six months back, when I had vexed you. And I thought that you might have been annoyed again, though I could not call to mind my fault. And that made me order my horse at once; for I had some idea—but never mind that."

Mr. Short's futile idea had been that Lady Touchwood must have discovered at last his admiration of her daughter, and this had brought him straightway to face the question.

"That letter was posted at our post-office, and in one of those horrid new envelopes," the lady proceeded, with that calm judgment which we all exert upon the troubles of our friends; "you may depend upon it that you have been decoyed from home for some bad purpose. Either to rob you on your road, or to rob your house while you were away. Everybody says how rich you are."

"It is good to have the highest of all characters. Since you have not sent for me, and do not want me in this morassy state, I will say 'good-morning,' Lady Touchwood."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, until you have had one of those long twisted glasses (from some undiscovered country) of my white currant cordial. There is no Mrs. Short to look after you or to reproach me for not doing so"—Lady Touchwood gave a sly glance herewith, for she was much too sharp not to know of his weakness for Julia, and had no fear of it—"but you came through the rain to oblige me, as you thought; and you are frightfully soaked; and riding home you will have the wind on your back, and get lumbago. You know my patent cordial, don't you? None of your currant wine—oh, horror!—but the very finest whiskey and white currants, done by a very old recipe, and bottled to stand upright for at least seven years."

"It sounds very good. But shall I stand upright, or sit upright in the saddle, with the wind upon my back, and lumbago coming? I will take nothing more than a glass of your old ale, the golden ale made of the Wiveliscombe malt; and then I will ask your good son Dicky for one of his long, old, tough cigars. With the wind on the crupper, it will last me all the way."

These things were sent for, and the horse was ordered (much against his liking, for he was just doing nicely), and then Lady Touchwood took the opportunity of putting a word in season, just at the genial moment of good relish, which a fine ham sandwich gives to ale. "And how is Captain Larks getting on?" said she. "Everything he does is so delightful. When will you bring him over?"

"As soon as he will come," replied the wary parson. "Why should I hurry him? Am I bound to commit social suicide? I feel myself cast into the shade already, because there is no romance about me."

"No, no, you are never in the shade," cried the lady, being dull at metaphor; "everybody knows every atom about you. He is the one that is in the shade. But I am sure that he never deserved it."

"He appears very honest, and he may be that," said the vicar, with a solemn shake of head; "but where did he get his silver spoons?"

"Come, now, you are a great deal too jealous." Lady Touchwood always supposed a person who did not smile to be in earnest. "If there is anything the matter with him, it must be at least of the upper classes. He has been accustomed to the best society. I am sure he never would do anything of a lower rank than forgery."

"Let us make a round robin, and put in the middle—'Is it forgery, is it homicide, is it treason? Your hearty well-wishers feel confident that you have done something respectable.' If I prepare the document, will you sign it at the top?"

"Go along. Here is your horse at the door. There never is any reasoning with you. But I do hope that you will not catch cold, or find anything at home to vex you."

"I am not afraid. My house can defy the world, with Mrs. Aggett in it, and good Nous upon the guard. Oh, here comes Squire Dicky, just in time to say 'good-by.' How well he looks! Why, my good friend, glass and putty seem to suit your constitution. I must build a new greenhouse for you to tumble through it."

"I am pretty sure of one thing—if I did, you would never be like Captain Arthur. You would make me pay for it, and for all the plants too."

"What a wise babe it is! He has hit the mark. Lady Touchwood, the Cantabs always do. But don't come out in the rain, my friend. Your glazing is not water-proof."

"I hope he will find his old house robbed," said Dicky, as the parson rode away, and the story of the letter was repeated; "it would be worth a hundred pounds to me to have a rise taken out of him. He thinks himself so confoundedly clever, and he never lets another fellow say a single word almost."

"Now don't be so spiteful, my dear. I am sure that you always hold your own with him. It amuses me sometimes to hear you get so very much the better of him."

But Dicky shook his head; for he was a candid youth, and knew that he had no chance with Mr. Short, in any other view than his dear mother's."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRAMP IN THE GARDEN.

In a garden full of fairest bloom,
Full of little nooks of scented gloom,
There were roses crimson, pink, and white,
Lilies as the moonshine cool and light,
Heliotrope and sweetest mignonette—
Perfect flowers in perfect beauty set.

Suddenly amid this beauty rose
A coarse weed—the ugliest weed that grows—
Spread itself among the lilies fair,
Wandered 'mid the roses everywhere,
Till a rich carnation proudly bent,
Asked the vulgar vagrant what it meant.

"Mean, indeed!" the saucy weed replied:
"Just to wonder where I shall decide.
I've as strong and true a right as you
To the sunshine and the wind and dew;
And to tell the truth, it seems to me
I'm as good as any flower I see.

"I have life, and why should I not go,
If I like it, where the roses blow?
I've a right—" The gard'ner, passing by,
Pulled the weed up with an angry sigh,
Flung it far outside; and who shall blame?—
Neither use nor beauty could it claim.

TWO STATUES.

On page 273 our readers will find engravings of two interesting statues, one representing a gallant soldier, and the other one of the most distinguished naval heroes of the late war—General McPherson and Admiral Farragut.

The statue of General McPherson was unveiled by General Sherman at Cincinnati on the 6th of April, in the presence of many spectators. After remaining on exhibition in that city for a short time, it will be placed on the General's grave at Clyde, Ohio. It is in bronze, and represents the General standing with one foot on the breech of a broken cannon, with his field-glass in one hand, and his other hand extended as if giving directions. The artist is Rebisso, the same who made the equestrian statue at Washington. This effort is regarded as exceedingly satisfactory.

The statue of Admiral Farragut, cast in bronze from a model by Vinnie Ream (Mrs. Hoxie), will be unveiled April 25 with quite imposing ceremonies. It now stands on its pedestal in the centre of a pleasant square in Washington, where it has been in position since last autumn. It is said to be a manifest improvement on the previous works of the artist.

A LITTLE GOLD OWL.

"Do you know what a famous Russian beauty once wrote in her album? No? Let me tell you, then. 'The Frenchman understands best the art of talking love, the Italian of acting it, but the German rocks it to sleep, while the Pole ruins all.'"

"And the American?" pleaded a musical voice in the ear of the first speaker.

The lady made no immediate reply. The pair stood in the wings of a tiny amateur theatre in one of our large cities, and the drama of *Matrimony*, in which they had acted, was over. Both were artists in that intense sentiment of excitement which stirs the ripples of private life when theatricals and charades become the fashion. Augusta Bevan, tall, slender, and proud, had resumed her velvet walking dress, and toyed with a tiny muff of pink satin, which was suspended about her neck by means of a ribbon. Captain Hornblower, easy, graceful, and elegant, bent over her in an attitude of devotion, which he had assumed, with the facility of a glove, for the past fifteen years, in the ball-rooms of West Point, Saratoga, and Newport.

"Your muff seems to be a sort of fairy casket," pursued Captain Hornblower. "Give me a keepsake from one of the pockets, I beg, in remembrance of the night."

"What shall it be?" retorted Augusta Bevan, gayly.

She sought in the tiny pockets of perfumed and quilted satin, and drew forth a glittering object. This was a little gold owl, beautifully wrought, with ruby eyes and jewelled claws. When a spring was touched, a slender pencil-case slid out of the bird's head.

"Here is my gift," she said, gently, and the gallant captain understood that her words meant capitulation.

Was he glad or sorry? He received the little gold owl with effusive gratitude, and kissed the hand which bestowed the gift; but it was in the nature of this military butterfly to doubt, at the moment, if he had acted with unwise precipitation, if he had not sold himself too cheaply in the matrimonial market, and if Augusta Bevan was as great an heiress as she was reputed to be.

"My children, remember the Scotch proverb, 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout,'" said Mr. Riddel, behind them.

Mr. Riddel, who invariably enacted the part of benevolent old man, proffered his snuff-box to Captain Hornblower with his quizzical smile.

"We are called out again!" exclaimed Mrs. Trentham.

There was a patter of applause, and the four emerged before the foot-lights, making their salutations in the most approved professional manner. On the stage stood Mrs. Trentham in a superb toilet, Augusta Bevan, Captain Hornblower, and Mr. Riddel. Beyond the circle of foot-lights was a fashionable audience, where blended satin, gold, feathers, and lace resembled a parterre of flowers, while the little theatre, built for Mrs. Trentham, made a charming background for smiling faces. Certainly the two actresses looked their best, for Captain Hornblower, deeply versed in such craft, had made up their stage complexion, with the aid of rouge and other cosmetics, moist purple worsted furnishing the requisite shadows beneath the eyes.

Said Mr. Riddel, as he conducted Miss Bevan home, "You will not forget my proverb, Augusta?—'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

The girl glanced askance at him, and frowned. Mr. Riddel, divested of gray wig and paternal bearing, was a dignified gentleman of forty years, lawyer, and manager of the great Bevan property.

"You have always warned me of fortune-hunters and worthless suitors since I left school," she exclaimed, petulantly. "Is a woman never to believe in any one, because she is rich?"

Mr. Riddel remained silent, but the blood mounted to her brow.

Said Mrs. Trentham to Captain Hornblower at a little supper table in a fashionable restaurant: "Take another glass of Champagne, captain. Augusta Bevan really did very well to-night for a novice, except in the awkwardness of her attitudes. Allow me to look at the little gold owl she gave you behind the scenes. Ah! I saw it all. A manager must be everywhere, you know."

Very piquant looked Mrs. Trentham as she spoke, coquette of as many seasons as her companion had posed for beau, an arch sparkle in her eyes, more than a suspicion of malice in her smile; for to see any man admire another woman pierced her vanity, if not her heart, and she could not rest until she had lured him away from his allegiance, or at least sown mischief in the path of possible lovers. Yet Mrs. Trentham was a most popular person, and an acknowledged leader of society. Captain Hornblower resisted for a time; but the enchantress was adroit, witty, flattering, and the supper good, and in the end he yielded. The lady attached the little gold owl to her watch chain, and emerged in the streets at two o'clock in the morning. When she reached her own home, the little gold owl was gone! She had lost it during the walk.

Next day Mrs. Trentham sailed up to Augusta Bevan, at a crowded kettledrum, took both of her hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, I am so dreadfully sorry! I am always committing some folly. I do not deserve forgiveness. Captain Hornblower gave me—I mean, lent me—your little gold owl last night, and I actually lost it in the street."

The Sèvres tea-cup fell from Augusta's fingers on the floor. Mr. Riddel and Captain Hornblower stooped for the fragments simultaneously, thus knocking their heads together.

"She is disillusioned," thought Mr. Riddel.

"The game is lost," reflected the gallant warrior, with unfeigned regret. "Of course no woman ever forgave that."

At six o'clock that morning a young Swiss maiden, by name Marie Hetzel, had gone on an errand to the market for her mistress. Marie was sixteen, with a round brown face framed in a crimped cap, and carried a basket on her arm. Her foot struck against a small object; she stooped, and found a little gold owl on the curb-stone.

"Himmel!" exclaimed Marie, and sped with the treasure to the lager-beer garden where Fritz, her lover, was employed as a waiter.

Fritz happened to be polishing the rows of little tables placed in bowers of evergreen. He was a prudent youth of nineteen, with blonde hair and hard blue eyes. He examined the trinket, and put it in his pocket. The gold owl might be very pretty suspended about Marie's throat, even as Roman women rejoice in their hair-pins and chains, or the Genoese in their filigree ear-rings; but money also could be made out of it—money to add to frugal savings wherewith to return to beloved Canton Berne as man and wife, and buy a modest farm.

Marie shed a few tears of feminine vanity, while yielding to logical argument, and trudged home with her basket. Fritz sought a little den of a shop in an obscure quarter, and sold the gold owl to a Jew, after much haggling, for five dollars, which sum he consigned to a savings-bank. Now indeed was the owl lost, hopelessly lost, for it had disappeared in the black shop of a wretched quarter, instead of reposing in the pocket of Miss Bevan's pink satin muff. It happened that the owl had never met with greater appreciation, however. The ruby eyes glowed like flames, while the golden plumage became luminous, as the ornament was passed from one dusky hand to another.

Finally the Jew took the trinket to a fashionable jeweller celebrated for skillful workmanship in metals, and sold it for a considerable sum. Mr. Riddel, walking down town one morning, paused suddenly before the jeweller's window. He saw a little gold owl suspended by a hook, and radiant in the sunshine. He fancied the bird of wisdom actually winked at him in recognition. He entered the place, and bought it promptly.

Augusta Bevan, pale, thoughtful, and with a new tenderness in her bearing, received back the little gold owl. "I have been thinking of so many things of late," she said, softly, placing her hand within the arm of this faithful friend. "I even remember your proverb, 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

Mrs. Trentham tapped Captain Hornblower on the arm with her fan at a reception, where the lady was resplendent in a Worth toilet of black satin and old gold. "Mr. Riddel and Augusta Bevan are engaged," she said. "I always knew it would be a match yet. Their property joins, you know, and water does flow to water in that way in our wicked world. Besides, he is really the only man worthy of Augusta."

Captain Hornblower went his way, having been ordered to a fort in Montana Territory. His amiability was not increased by the discovery that his hair was growing gray, and that he experienced a twinge of rheumatism in his right knee.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

The common notion that the weather changes with the moon's quarters is still believed by most people in this country and abroad, although, as the meteorologists long ago pointed out, there is no foundation for this fanciful lunar rule. It is curious, however, to find educated persons, to whom exact weather records are accessible, putting credence in this maxim of popular astrology. Hence in many parts great attention is paid to the day of the week on which the moon's change occurs. By general consent Saturday is an unlucky day, and according to a well-known proverb,

"A Saturday's change and a Sunday's full moon
Once in seven years is once too soon."

Another version of this rhyme tells us,

"Saturday new and Sunday full
Never was good, and never wull."

The same notion prevails in Scotland, where it is said,

"Saturday's change and Sunday's prime
Is eneugh in seven years' time."

A change on Sunday is not altogether propitious, as, we are told, it indicates that "there will be a flood before the month is out." A new moon on Monday, however, is in most places hailed as an omen of fair weather. Similar superstitions are found on the Continent, as, for instance, in some parts of France, where Friday is considered an unfavorable day for a change of the moon.

When the moon is in such a part of the ecliptic as to appear turned much over upon her back, wet weather may be expected; and we find various rhymes on the subject. Thus one in Scotland gives the following admonition,

"The bonny moon is on her back;
Mend your shoon and sort your thack"

—implying, as Mr. Chambers, in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, tells us, mend your shoes, and see after the thatch of your cottages. In many places, when the moon is thus situated it is said to be like a boat, and is thought to be a sign of fine weather—an idea which is thus mentioned by George Eliot in *Adam Bede*: "It 'ud ha' been better if they ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin': there's no likelihood of a drop now. An' the moon lies like a boat there. That's a sure sign of fair weather." Sailors, too, have a similar belief; for, to use their phrase, "You might hang your hat upon it." Southey notices this quaint piece of weather lore, and assigns this curious reason for it: "Poor Littledale has this day explained the cause of our late rains, which have prevailed for the last five weeks, by a theory which will probably be as new to you as it is to me. 'I have observed,' he says, 'that when the moon is turned upward, we have fine weather after it, but when it is turned downward, then we have a wet season; and the reason, I think, is that when it is turned down it holds no water—like a basin, you know—and then down it comes.'"

A pale moon is another sign of wet weather, a notion to which Shakspeare alludes in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (ii. 1), where he makes Titania say,

"Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound"

—a piece of weather-wisdom prevalent in France, where it is said that "a pale moon in evening or morning brings rain." When, however, it has a red appearance it is believed to be indicative of wind—a notion to which Virgil alludes in his First "Georgic" (430, 1). A clear bright moon, again, is always a welcome sight, being a good omen of fine dry weather. Thus in summer-time the farmer is admonished,

"If the moon show a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground."

When a halo is seen round the moon it is supposed to foretell rain, or, as the peasantry express it, "The moon with a circle brings water in her beak." According to the Scotch rhyme,

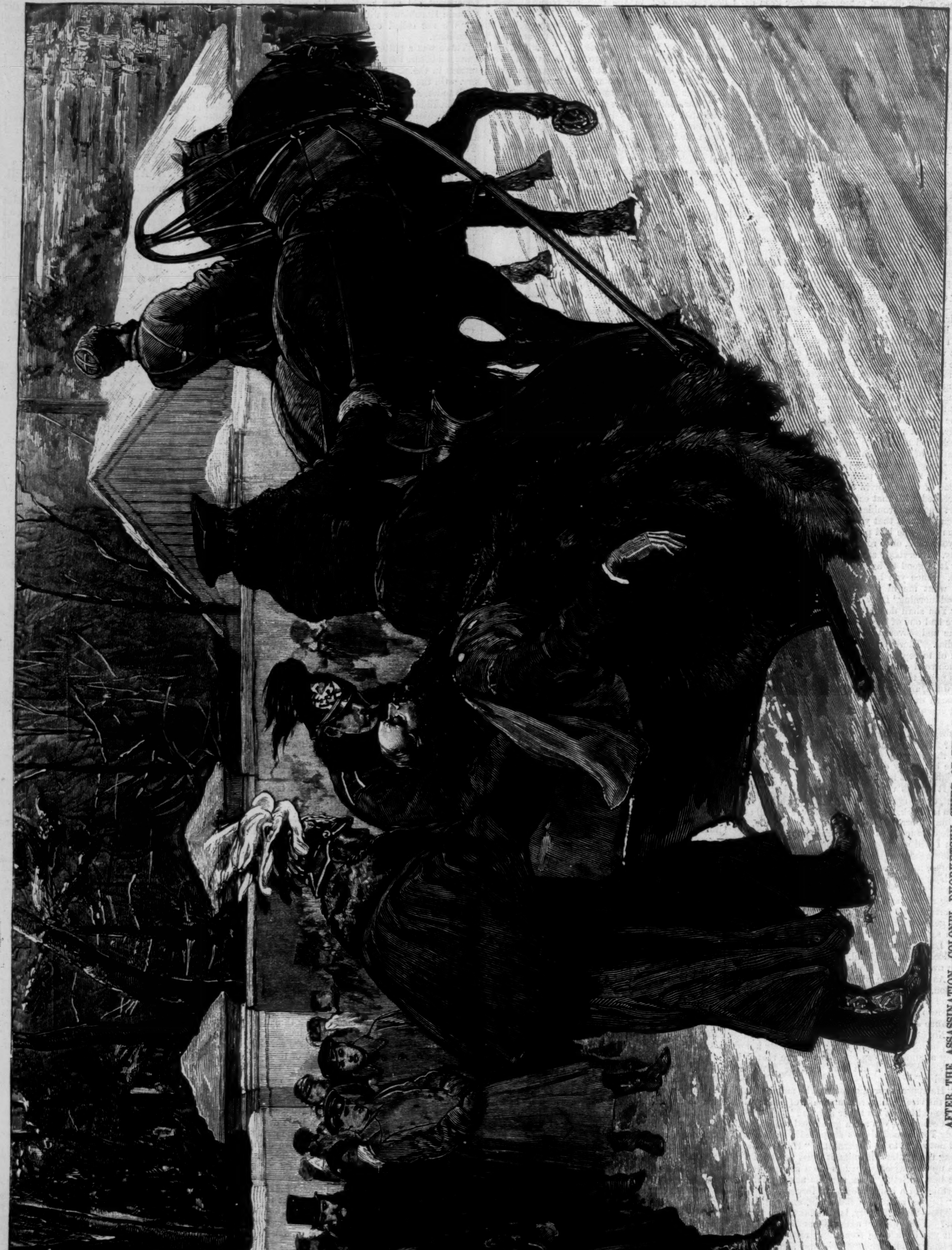
"About the moon there is a brugh;
The weather will be cauld and rough."

The term *brugh*, says Mr. Chambers, is the early Teutonic word for circle; the same phrase as is applied to circular forts on hills. If this hazy circle be wide, and at some distance from the moon, it is a sign that the rain will be delayed for some time; if, on the other hand, it be close, and, as it were, adhering to the disk of the moon, rain may be expected very soon.

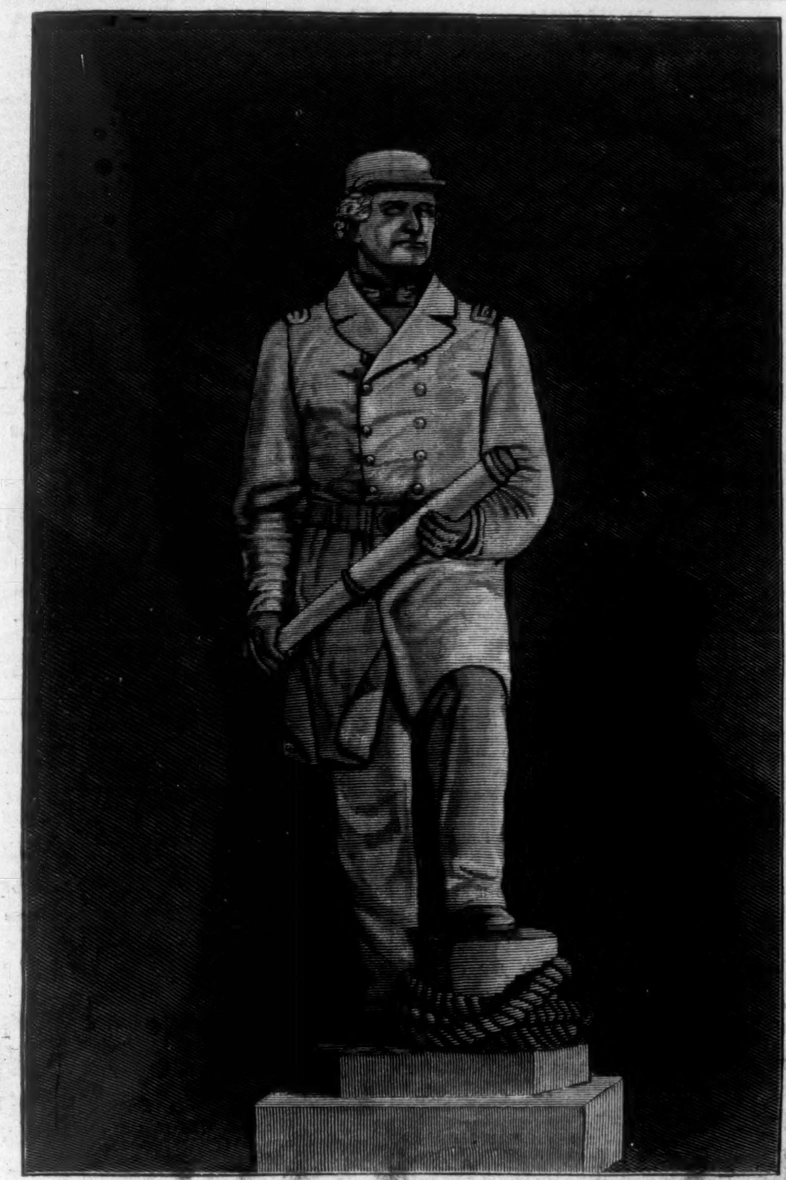
Again, foggy weather in the last quarter of the moon is thought to betoken moisture, in allusion to which there is a rhyme in Scotland—

"Auld moon mist
Ne'er died of thirst."

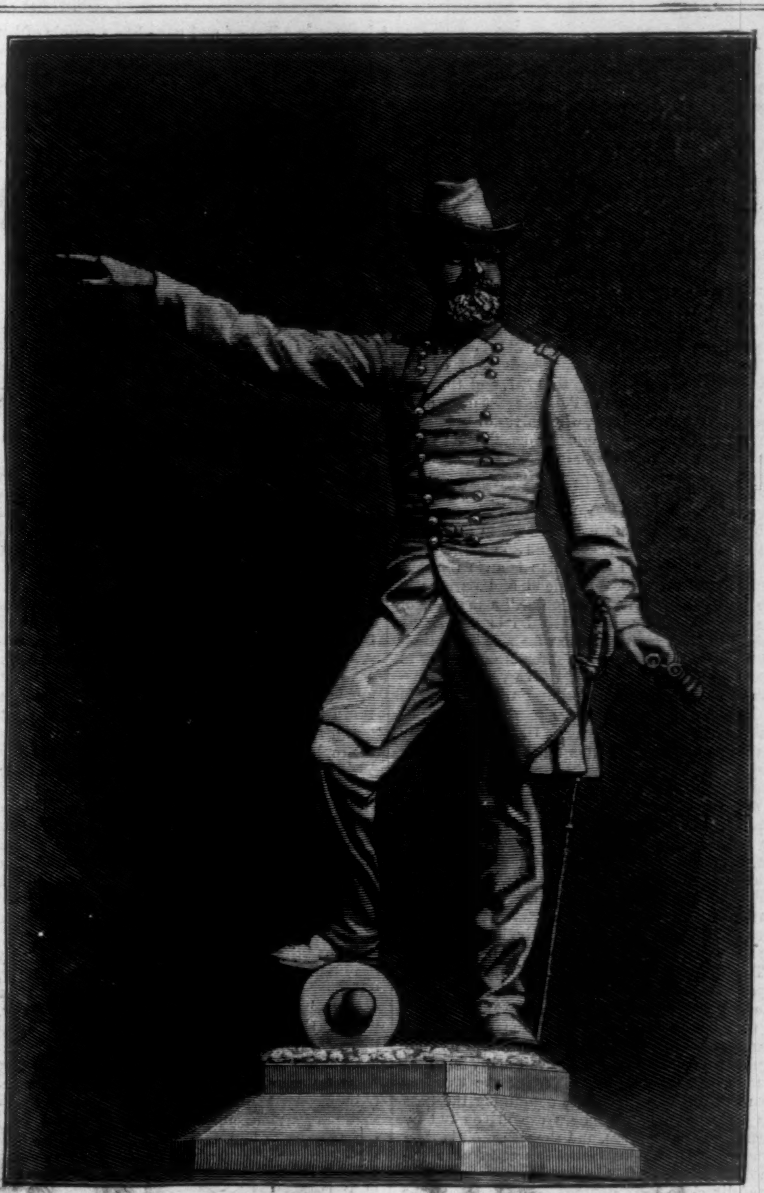
There is a popular belief among sea-faring men that whenever a planet or large star is seen near the moon, or, to make use of their own phrase, "a big star is dogging the moon," wild and tempestuous weather will soon set in. A correspondent tells us that some years ago a fisherman of Torquay told him, after a violent gale, that he had foreseen the storm, as he had observed one star ahead of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her."



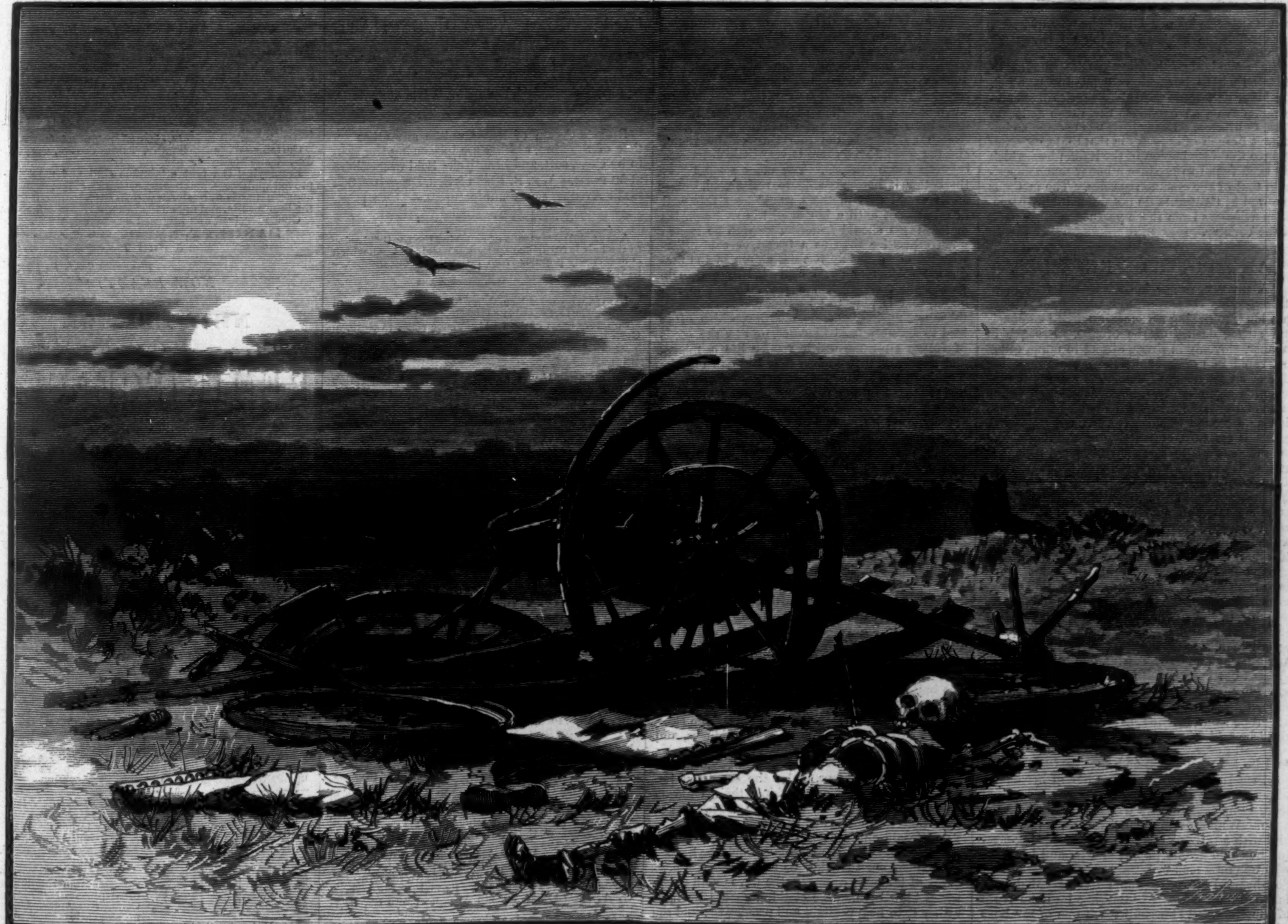
AFTER THE ASSASSINATION—COLONEL DVORKETSKY, CHIEF OF THE POLICE, CONVEYING THE WOUNDED CZAR TO THE WINTER PALACE.



STATUE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—[See Page 271.]



STATUE OF GENERAL McPHERSON.—[See Page 271.]



THE MISSING MAIL—AN INCIDENT OF THE PLAINS.

A CALIFORNIA BEE RANCH.

Unlike the wild "bumble-bee," as it is commonly called, the honey-bee is not an original native of this country. Its ancestors came over with the Pilgrim Fathers from England or Holland, and year by year their descendants followed the course of civilization westward. Restless swarms escaping from the farmers' hives, and failing to respond to the seductive music of tongs and tin pans with which the frantic owners tried to recover them, the fugitives took to the woods, and formed independent colonies in the cavities of decaying trees. These colonies in turn sent out new swarms every year, and peopled the forests with wild bees that gradually lost all recollection of the hives of civilization. They were called by the Indians "the white man's fly."

There were no wild honey-bees west of the Mississippi River previous to 1797, and they did not make their way to the Pacific coast until more than half a century later, when hives of bees were carried thither by settlers. Then the old story was repeated. Fugitive swarms from the hives escaped into the forests, and wild bees soon became abundant, just as they had spread through the forests of longer settled portions of the country.

The method of hunting wild bees in California is the same as in our Western and Southern States. In India, Africa, and the Indian islands the bee-hunter has a serviceable friend and partner in the bird called "the honey guide," a member of the cuckoo family, by which he is unerringly guided to the tree where the wild bees build their nest. The American bee-hunter is compelled to resort to other methods. He carries with him into the woods a box containing a small portion of honey, and perhaps some mints or essences which are attractive to bees. He waits patiently until the bees collect about the box, and when they have gorged themselves with the seductive sweets, watches them keenly as they rise circling in the air. As soon as a bee sees some familiar landmark, it makes a straight line through the air for home, and the line of flight is carefully noted by the hunter. When several bees have flown away in the same direction, the hunter removes his box to another spot, and the same operation is repeated; and the intersection of the lines of flight gives him very nearly the position of the tree in which the wild bees have built their nest.

The hunter now proceeds to find the spot. His hopes may be doomed to disappointment, for the tree may hold a new swarm, and the store of honey may be very small. But if the tree should chance to be the abode of an old colony, his venture may be rewarded by a booty of many hundred pounds of wax and honey. After the tree has been cut down, or the limb containing the nest has been sawn off, the bees are driven out by burning straw or grass, and the rich spoil is then removed. If the hunter wishes to remove the whole bee colony to his farm or ranch, he will carefully close the openings through which the bees pass in and out, and transfer the limb to his apiary, where the bees may be drummed into hives containing honey and brood comb. They soon become accustomed to their new quarters, and resume the habit of storing up honey for their owner.

The methods of bee-hunting just described are illustrated in the upper sketches printed on page 269. The lower half of the page gives a series of sketches taken from an extensive bee ranch at Santa Rosa, California. Bee-culture has become an important branch of industry in that State, especially since the introduction of the Italian bee, which has been found to produce a honey much superior to that of the common species. The methods followed in California do not differ in any essential particulars from those pursued in other parts of the country.

ANECDOTES OF KNOWLES.

"A hearty, rather boisterous old fellow; of strong, rather coarse features, who read his plays in a loud, rollicking style, with marked emphasis and strong dashes of the brogue. Brusque in manner, slovenly in dress, absent in mind, quick and rapid in utterance, he gave you rather the idea of an Irish school-master." Such is the description given by Mr. George Vandenhoff of the famous dramatist who was hailed by his generation as a second Shakspeare. A warm-hearted, generous creature, ever acting on the impulse of the moment, as quick at appreciating a benefit as he was at taking an offense, real or imaginary; living solely in the day, taking no heed for the morrow, and with the indomitable energy of a sanguine mind in a vigorous body; every one loved him: "dear Knowles," "kind, gentle Knowles," are the epithets that seem to flow spontaneously from the pen of all who remember him.

Even had he been wealthy, his heart would have been too large for his means; a tale of distress would draw the last guinea from his pocket. One day, in the greenroom of one of the theatres, he found an old actress, whom he had met years before in a strolling company, crying bitterly. Asking what was the matter, she told him how she had been struck with a sudden deafness, and how the manager had given her the alternative either to give up her engagement or go into the wardrobe as an attendant. "Dry your eyes, old girl," he said, kindly, "and come along with me; you shall never want a home while I have one." And he kept his word, and she lived under this good Christian's roof until the day of her death, which did not come for many years. It need scarcely be said that he was constantly imposed upon. While playing at Bristol, a man came to him with a pitiable tale; he was a drawing-master, he could get no pupils, and he and his wife, who was on a sick-bed, were absolutely starving. Soft-hearted Knowles would have scouted with indignation the idea of inquiring into the truth of the story. "You shall teach one of my boys while I am here," he said: paid him for a month's lessons in advance, and gave him a couple of bottles of wine for the sick wife at home. It was the first and last time he ever saw the scamp.

Many comical stories are related of his absence of mind. Walking along the Quadrant one day with Bayle Bernard, Planché tells us, he was accosted by a gentleman with: "You're a pretty fellow, Knowles! After fixing your own day and hour to dine with us, you never make your appearance, and from that time to this we have never heard from you."

"I couldn't help it, upon my honor," replied Knowles; "and I've been so busy ever since I haven't had a moment to write or call. How are you all at home?"

"Oh, quite well; but now name another day, and keep your word. Shall we say Thursday, at six?"

"Yes, I'll be there. My love to them all."

The gentleman went on his way, rejoicing in the idea that he had secured Knowles this time.

"Who's that chap, I wonder?" asked the dramatist of his companion, as they resumed their walk. He had not the least idea. Late in the morning he would suddenly remember that he had invited eight or ten friends to dinner, and drive his poor wife to her wits' ends to prepare for them. Sometimes he would leave home and forget all about his guests, who would arrive to find themselves unexpected. His carelessness about money was astounding. More than once he would have been the loser of considerable sums but for the honesty of the people into whose hands they fell. On one occasion he had promised to send his wife £200 on a certain day. As it did not come to hand, she wrote to apprise him of the fact. He had sent it according to arrangement; it was the fault of the post-office officials. Down he sat, and wrote a furiously indignant letter to the Postmaster-General. By return came the reply from Sir Francis Freeling, who held the office at the time, and who, after informing Mr. Knowles that he had received such gratification from his works that he regarded him quite in the light of a personal friend, went on to state that such a letter as he described was lying at the post-office, but there was neither signature inside nor address outside. "My dear sir," wrote back Knowles, "you are right, and I was wrong. God bless you! I'll call upon you when I come to town."

He had the true Irish weakness for bulls. "My dear fellow," he said to Abbot, the actor, one day, "I'm off to-morrow, can I take any letters for you?" "Where are you going?" was the query. "Well, I haven't quite made up my mind," was the naïve answer. As O. Smith was one day walking along the Strand, he suddenly ran against Knowles, who seized him by the hand, and eagerly inquired after his health. "I think you mistake me for some one else; I am O. Smith," said the actor, who had not a personal acquaintance with him. "I beg ten thousand pardons," apologized Knowles. "I took you for your *namesake*, T. P. Cooke."

HOW TO DRESS THE CHILDREN.

There is no animal I know of born into the world in a state of greater helplessness than the human infant, and none more dependent upon artificial means to keep up the animal heat. It would very soon succumb to the cold if not protected. This is proved by the fact that a very much larger proportion of children die during the winter than during the summer months, although as regards the mortality of the young and the middle-aged there is very little difference between those seasons. The older a child gets the better it becomes able to resist cold, but—and I would that mothers would bear this well in mind—not until a boy or girl is well into his or her teens should fostering warmth be looked upon otherwise than as a friend, or cold otherwise than as a deadly foe. Children in the cradle are seldom or never neglected by well-to-do parents, but it is when a child begins to run about, and is able to go out-of-doors, that mistakes are made about the clothing, which often lead to speedily fatal illnesses, or sow the seeds of future ailments, which render life a misery and a burden, that can be only laid down at the portals of the tomb. Instead of studying warmth and comfort in the clothing of their children, many mothers study only fashion. I speak advisedly, for I have proof of what I aver every day of my life.

It is not my province to tell my lady readers how to cut the patterns for their children's dresses, or even to choose the material from which to make them; but as a medical man it is my duty to remind them that the child who is clothed warmly, cleanly, and neatly is far better dressed than one whose attire shows it to be a victim to a votaress of fashion. The one has a chance of turning out a healthy man and a useful member of society, the other has not.

To those who are between the ages of ten and twenty I have to say that, with no desire to advise them to be overclothed, and thus made hot-house plants of, too much attention can not be paid to keeping them warmly clad. Cold is fatal to the young; warmth is life itself; cold retards the building up of the tissues of bone and muscle, warmth encourages it; cold interferes with the due performance of the functions of the skin, throws extra work on the liver and kidneys, and blunts the nervous energy of the brain itself; warmth has altogether a contrary effect.

Some parents labor under the erroneous impression that they are making their children hardy by allowing them to expose themselves to the deleterious effects of the absence of warmth. To maintain the animal heat in the young it is not necessary that the clothing should be heaped upon them, nor that they be carefully made prisoners of in-doors, whenever the day is chill or the winds blow high. The clothing should be light rather than heavy—light and protective; and the material itself should be studied, not the quantity.

NIHILISM!

In his powerful novel, "Sunrise," Mr. Black has graphically portrayed the inner movements of this pitiless engine of destruction. Men bind themselves by the most solemn oaths to literally obey the mandates of a secret and irresponsible tyranny, even to the commission of foulest crimes, and their lives are forfeited if they hesitate to execute such orders as may doom them to the curse of murder and consign their souls to perdition.—*Hartford Courant.*

SUNRISE. By William Black. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1 25.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS.

We call your attention to Mayor Beatty's large organ advertisement in this issue. He refers to the following well-known and reliable parties who have purchased and are using his instruments, and who will cheerfully testify to their unrivalled qualities. Space will only permit us to mention the following, which have been selected from many thousands.:

Boston, Mass.—Moses A Dow, Publisher Waverly Magazine; G. H. Burt, Shoe Manufacturer, 99 Pearl St. New York City.—I. W. England, Publisher Sun; J. L. Everett, Cashier National Broadway Bank; G. W. Sickles (Maj.-Gen. Sickles's father), 111 Nassau St.; Bauer & Betz, Brewers, 140 E. 58th St. Philada., Pa.—Wm. Underdown, Cashier Mechanics National Bank. Pittsburgh, Pa.—L. Halsey Williams, Cashier Fifth National Bank. Willimantic, Conn.—Henry F. Royce, Treas. Willimantic Savings Institution. Newark, N. J.—Rt. Rev. Father Patrick Leonard (St. Michael's Cathedral). Plainfield, N. J.—J. R. Vandeventer, Pres. First National Bank. Belvidere, N. J.—Hon. H. S. Harris, M. C. Washington, N. J.—Judge P. H. Hann, Cashier First National Bank. Clinton, N. J.—Jno. Carpenter, Jr., Ex-Assemblyman. Hackettstown, N. J.—Rev. G. H. Whitney, D.D., Pres. Whitney Inst. Morristown, N. J.—A. A. Vance, Pub. Boonton, N. J.—S. L. Garrison, Editor Bulletin. Salt Lake City, Utah—Walker Bros., Bankers. Newport, Ky.—Hon. F. M. Webster, Attorney. Socorro, New Mex.—Rev. M. Matthieson. Ste. Genevieve, Mo.—Judge John L. Bogy. Philippi, W. Va.—Samuel Woods, Attorney.

In addressing the above-mentioned gentlemen, readers of our paper should enclose a stamped envelope for reply.—[*Adv.*]

WORTH ATTENDING TO AT ONCE.

If your wife does not already know about the "Automatic" or "No Tension" Sewing Machine, trial at home can be arranged. Ladies careful of health, and appreciating the best, will now have no other. Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Food for the brain and nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves, and brings good health quicker than anything you can use.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN MALARIAL TROUBLES.

I have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in malarial troubles, and in administering quinine. It has done well in my hands.

—[*Adv.*] Springfield, Ills. W. S. McBurnie, M.D.

Riker's Cream of Roses, unlike any other article of the kind, *aids nature* in causing the skin to be clear, soft, and beautiful. Sold everywhere at 50 cents. Wm. B. Riker & Son, Druggists, 353 Sixth Avenue, sole manufacturers.—[*Com.*]

A safe and sure means of restoring the youthful color of the hair is furnished by Parker's Hair Balsam, which is deservedly popular from its superior cleanliness.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who would combine beauty and comfort in dressing the feet should use the German Corn Remover. Sufferers from corns will find sure relief in German Corn Remover. Sold by all druggists. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Cough away if you want to, but if not, use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one Minute.—[*Adv.*]

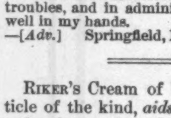
ADVERTISEMENTS.

ARTISTIC BRONZES, CLOCKS, AND DECORATIVE PORCELAIN.

THEODORE B. STARR,
JEWELLER,
No. 206 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square,
Between 25th and 26th Sts.

The entire third floor of this establishment is appropriated to a very complete stock of fine BRONZES, Mantel Sets, Marble, Bronze, and Polished Brass CLOCKS, with chimes and (patented) stem-winding attachments controlled by this house; travelling Clocks, &c., together with choicest pieces of decorative PORCELAIN, in Plaques, Vases, Jardinieres, &c., of the Royal Worcester, Minton, and other favorite Wares, selected with critical taste and of the latest importation, forming a collection of rare merit.

Visits, if for inspection only, are particularly invited.



135 Writing Letters, Type, Figures,
IMPROVED SELF-INKER BEST PRESS
Ink, Reglets, Gold, Nippers, Case, Rack, 100 Cards, outside case: All for $6.00.
W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.

Birds HOLDEN'S New Book on Birds. 128 pp., 80 Illustrations. All facts on all birds, with price list. By mail, 25 cts. stamps.
G. A. HOLDEN, 387 6th Ave., near 24th St., N. Y.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

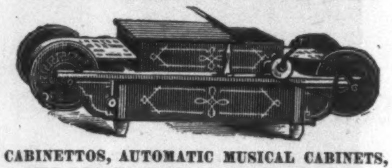
EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists,*
London, Eng.
Also, *Epps's Chocolate Essence* for afternoon use.

THE ORGUINETTE.



CABINETTOS, AUTOMATIC MUSICAL CABINETS, PIPE ORGANS, REED ORGANS, and PIANOS.

The most wonderful music-producing instruments in the world. Play every thing. Any one can play them. No musical knowledge required. Call and see them, or send for Circular to the

MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.,
831 Broadway, bet. 12th and 13th Sts.,
NEW YORK.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

75 cents the box.

BOSWELL & WARNER'S COLORIFIC

COLORS HAIR a beautiful BROWN or BLACK in a few minutes, without other wash. SAFE, SURE, RELIABLE. NO LEAD or SULPHUR or other injurious articles. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.
110 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments.

Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of *all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments, *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed.

Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods.

Goods received and returned by express or by mail.

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

NOW READY:

NEW EDITION
OF
REMINISCENCES
BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.

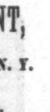
WITH
COPIOUS INDEX,
Specially prepared for this edition.

12mo, Cloth, with Thirteen Portraits,
50 cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES
representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.



SHAVING MADE EASY!
VROOM & FOWLER'S SHAVING SOAP
Gives a quick, soft, lasting lather.
Packet by mail on receipt of twenty cents.
C. H. RUTHERFORD, 26 Liberty St., N. Y.

CANDY Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

ARNOLD,
CONSTABLE, & CO.

SPRING EXHIBITION

Of Paris Novelties in Suits, Walking and Carriage Costumes, Reception, Dinner, and Evening Toilets, Camel's-Hair, Satin, and Silk Wraps and Dolmans, Tea Gowns, Opera Cloaks, Ulsters, &c. Also, Ladies' Paris Morning Wrappers, Misses' and Children's Suits, Sacques, Ulsters, &c., &c.

Broadway & 19th St.

ARTISTIC AND RELIABLE
FURNITURE.
WARREN WARD & CO.,
6 and 8 East 20th Street,
Next door to Lord & Taylor's.

GUION LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS,
For Queenstown and Liverpool.
Leaving Pier 38 N. R., foot of King Street.
WISCONSIN.........TUESDAY, April 12, 3.30 P.M.
ABYSSINIA.........TUESDAY, April 26, 3.30 A.M.
WYOMING...........TUESDAY, May 3, 8.30 A.M.
ARIZONA...........TUESDAY, May 10, 2.30 P.M.
WISCONSIN.........TUESDAY, May 17, 8 A.M.
Cabin Passage (according to state-room), $60, $80, and $100. **Intermediate, $40. Steerage at low rates.**
Office, No. 29 Broadway.
WILLIAMS & GUION.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER BLOOMING
ROSES

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS OF ROSES. 50 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, safely by mail, postpaid, at all post-offices. **5** splendid varieties, **your choice,** all labeled, for **$1; 12 for $2; 19 for $3; 26 for $4; 35 for $5; 75 for $10; 100 for $13.** We **GIVE AWAY,** in **Premiums** and **Extras,** more **ROSES** than most establishments grow. Our **NEW GUIDE,** *a complete Treatise on the Rose,* 70 pp. *elegantly illustrated,* describes 500 newest and choicest varieties—*free to all.*
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.
Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

THAT FAMOUS $60 ORGAN.

Kingston, Mo.
I have had the Organ tested by some of the best talent in our county, and they all pronounce it an excellent organ, equal to those which have been sold here for four times as much as you ask. P. D. KENYON.

The above is a specimen of the enthusiastic commendations that come to us without solicitation. Get our Illustrated Catalogue before you buy. It gives information which protects the purchaser and makes deceit impossible. **MARCHAL & SMITH,**
8 West Eleventh Street, N. Y.

NOTICE.

Having reorganized our **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** we have assigned to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.
HARPER & BROTHERS.

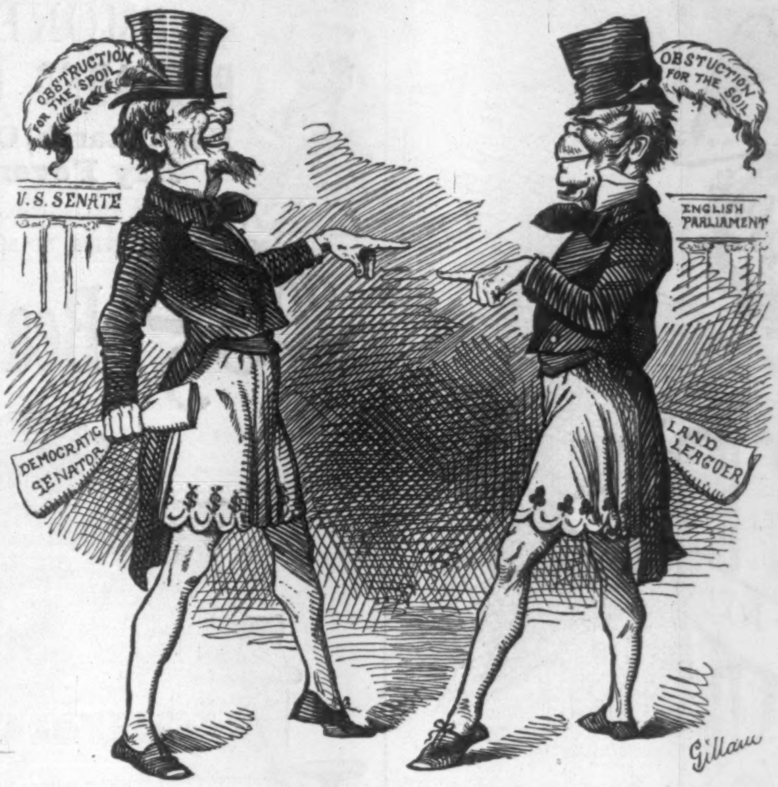
PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION March, as performed by the Marine Band at the inauguration of President Garfield and the Inauguration Ball, March 4th. Composed by John P. Sousa for Piano. Price 40 cts. Copies mailed. Published by **WM. A. POND & CO., 25 Union Square, N.Y.**

102 YOUR NAME In New Type on 102 Chromos, 10c. All new styles, designed by best artists. *Bouquets, Gold Chromo, Birds, Landscapes, Panels, Water Scenes, etc.* Best collection of Cards ever sold for 10c. Sample Book containing samples of all our Cards, 25c. Largest Card House in America. Dealers supplied with Blank Cards. American Card Co., Northford, Ct.

Agents Wanted. Sells Rapidly. Particulars *free.* **C 4 S 50** cts. S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n st. Boston, Mass.

$125 **A Month. Agents Wanted.** 75 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.



THE TWO DROMIOS.
"Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother."—Shakespeare.

POPULAR BOOKS
AT
POPULAR PRICES.

PRINCE METTERNICH'S MEMOIRS.
Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1773–1829. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. The Papers Classified and Arranged by M. A. de Klinkowström. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. Four Parts, 4to, Paper, 20 cents each; 12mo, Cloth, 2 vols., $2 00.

FROUDE'S CÆSAR.
Cæsar. A Sketch. By Jas. Anthony Froude. 12mo, Cloth, with a Portrait and Map, 60 cents; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

DEAN STANLEY'S CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.
Christian Institutions. Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 12mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

The work includes chapters upon Baptism, the Eucharist, the Eucharist in the Early Church, Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Real Presence, the Body and Blood of Christ, Absolution, Ecclesiastical Vestments, Basilicas, the Clergy, the Pope, the Litany, the Belief of the Early Christians, the Roman Catacombs, the Lord's Prayer, the Council and Creed of Constantinople, and the Ten Commandments.

FITZGERALD'S LIFE OF GEORGE IV.
The Life of George the Fourth; including his Letters and Opinions. With a View of the Men, Manners, and Politics of his Reign. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 921 pages, 12mo, Cloth, with Portraits, $2 00; in Two Parts, 4to, Paper, 40 cents.

CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.
Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. 12mo, Cloth, with Thirteen Portraits, and a Copious Index, 50 cents; 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above books by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ARKANSAS—LOUISIANA—TEXAS
South-Western Immigration Co.
The purpose of this Company is to furnish reliable information, descriptive and statistical, relating to the resources and advantages of the South-West.
The Company now has for distribution Books, Pamphlets, Circulars, and Maps, which will be sent, free of charge, upon application made to
WM. W. LANG, President,
Late Master Texas State Grange.
B. G. DUVAL, Secretary, Austin, Texas.
J. N. VICTOR, Eastern Manager,
243 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED
For **"Southern Palestine and Jerusalem."** By William M. Thomson, D.D., Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. 140 Illustrations from Photographs.
Apply to or address
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

JAMES McCREERY & Co. are already opening their Spring Importations of attractive Dress Goods, Silks, and Elegant Novelties, which are placed upon the counters as fast as they are received. An early visit of inspection is invited.
JAMES McCREERY & Co.,
Broadway and Eleventh St.,
NEW YORK.

A Medico-Fruit Lozenge of the Premier Class.
TROPIC FRUIT LAXATIVE
Prepared from fruits tropical and plants.
Try it once, and you will esteem it highly as a safe and effective remedy.
Is the Best and Most Agreeable Preparation in the World
For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Torpid Liver, Hemorrhoids, Indisposition, and all Disorders arising from an obstructed state of the system.
Ladies and children, and those who dislike taking pills and nauseous medicines, are especially pleased with its agreeable qualities.
TROPIC-FRUIT LAXATIVE may be used in all cases that need the aid of a purgative, cathartic, or aperient medicine, and while it produces the same result as the agents named, it is entirely free from the usual objections common to them. **Packed in bronzed tin boxes only.**
Price, 25 cts. Large boxes, 60 cts.
Sold by all First-class Druggists.

SALESMEN AND SALESLADIES Wanted in every Town in the U. S. **$100** a month. Address at once and secure position with particulars A. M. RICHARDSON & CO. 104 W. 42d St. New York

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

50 New Styles Perfumed Motto, Moss Rose, Violet, Japanese Cards, name on 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

$75 For new 7 octave Pianos, C. O. D. Address U. S. Pianoforte Co., 423 Eleventh Ave., N. Y.

25 *Large new style prettiest* **Chromo Cards** *sold,* with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Close of the Sixty-second Volume.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR MAY
Contains:

GEORGE ELIOT.
By C. Kegan Paul. With Portrait and other Illustrations—including pictures of the drawing-room at the Priory in which George Eliot held her receptions, of her Grave, etc.

THOMAS CARLYLE.
By M. D. Conway. Containing important reminiscences, as related by Carlyle in conversation with Mr. Conway.
With Eight Illustrations.

ATHENS.
By Prof. Merrill Edwards Gates.
With Twelve Illustrations.

DECORATIVE POTTERY OF CINCINNATI.
By Mrs. Aaron F. Perry.
With Twenty Illustrations.

CAMP LOU.
By Maro Cook. Showing the sanitary advantages of the Lake St. Regis region of the Adirondacks to consumptive invalids.
With Eight Illustrations.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN NEW YORK.
By Frederick A. Nast. With portraits of Theodore Thomas, L. Damrosch, Gerster, Campanini, Annie Louise Cary, Arthur S. Sullivan, Clara Louise Kellogg, Dudley Buck, Joseffy, Rummel, S. B. Mills, Wilhelmj, Reményi, and Miss Thursby.

THE INDIAN GIRL.
Shirlaw's Painting, engraved by Kruell; with Poem by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

ANNE.
By Constance Fenimore Woolson. The best serial story by an American author ever published.

A LAODICEAN.
A Serial Novel. By Thomas Hardy.

THE RETURN MESSAGE.
By Edward Everett Hale. The shortest love-story ever contributed to a magazine.

THE UNEXPECTED PARTING OF THE BEAZLEY TWINS. A Humorous Georgia Sketch. By R. M. Johnston.

THE SPEAKER'S RULING.
By George Ticknor Curtis.

POEMS.
By T. H. Robertson, E. S. Phelps, M. E. Sangster, Nora Perry, and Rose Terry Cooke.

FRONTISPIECE:
An Illustration by Abbey of Herrick's Poem, "I held Love's Head."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Harper's is the leading magazine of the country, by the prerogative of age and circulation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It is as much an American institution as our Constitution. It has known how to cater not only to the general public, but to a special class of educated readers. Its literature, provided by the best writers at home and abroad, has done as much as anything else to develop our tastes in the right direction.—*N. Y. Times.*

People who dislike the superlative degree should not talk about *Harper's Magazine.* It really seems as if every number were the best yet.—*N. Y. World.*

A perfect panorama in its pictures, which are beautiful specimens of work, noticeably fine for their artistic grace and their excellent scenic effects.—*Hartford Courant.*

It would be difficult to find anything more delightful than *Harper's Magazine.*—*Boston Advertiser.*

Harper's Magazine leads all the other monthlies in typographical beauty.—*N. Y. Mail.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year	1 50

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to Harper & Brothers.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—Catalogues of Plays, Pantomimes, Charades, Tableaux, &c., can be had *free,* by sending your address to Post-Office Box 3410, New York.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., all new style, name on 10c. Agt's samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

$999 a year to Agents and expenses. $6 outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.